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# THE CANADIAN FORUM



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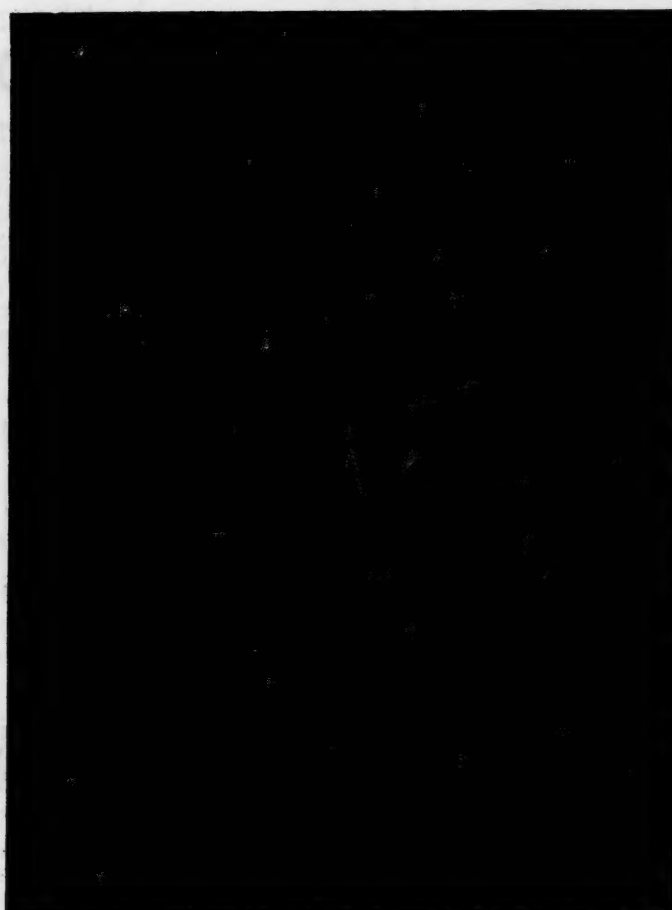
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• FREEDOM OF PUBLIC OPINION •

JOHN W. DAFOE

# THE CANADIAN FORUM

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# THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. XV.

Toronto, August, 1935.

No. 177

## Freedom of Public Opinion

An Address by  
JOHN W. DAFOE

THE purpose of this address is to discuss the origins and nature of public opinion and to attempt an evaluation of it as a factor in the evolution of society, particularly in its political manifestations. Within the time limits of this address there is no escape from an almost grotesque over-simplification of terms and definitions; and I suggest that my hearers bear in mind that my generalizations, which may seem unduly sweeping, are from the necessities of the case, detached from qualifications which are clear in my mind, to which consideration would be given in a more detailed exposition.

There is probably no person equipped with even the most rudimentary apparatus of thinking who, under the pressure of these last six years, has not undergone changes in his outlook on life, in his sense of values, in the content of his economic and political beliefs, and in his ideas as to what mankind, collectively and individually, should go to be saved.

Yet all is not change. Some of the beliefs that we once held lightly, because they were as native to us as the air we breathed, have come through the fire and have now become convictions to which

we must give our loyalty regardless of what this may involve in sacrifice. There are some principles which we now know to be the very foundation stones of civilization; and these we must defend, if need be, to the last extremity.

What has come to me from these years of observation and appraisal of events and experiments and from the overhauling of my own body of beliefs, inherited and acquired, is the deep conviction that our hopes for the future, our faith that the lot of mankind will be progressively bettered, all that we desiderate as necessary for human advancement, depend upon the preservation of the freedoms which have been won so hardly, and which are being held up so precariously. These freedoms can be classified, sub-divided, and numbered; but they can all be resolved into one freedom — freedom of thought and the liberty of action that derives from it.

WE can see clearly, if we choose to look, that all our controversies over systems of government and social and administrative policies designed to improve the lot of men, must be a wearisome and fruitless going about in circles unless first of all we come to an

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# Soviet Art Comes To Canada

ROBERT AYRE

ON the whole, the exhibition of Soviet Art recently shown in Montreal does not seem to have wrought much damage. One prominent art lover was vexed with her favorite shop for committing self-sacrilege by hanging the pictures on its walls, but the shop appears to be carrying on: men who ventured through its fashionable portals for the first time in their lives were not moved to loot their way out; the safety vaults under St. James Street are still inviolate, and Mayor Houde sits in his aplomb like a chicken in aspic.

Yet, who can tell what harm has been done, what subtle poisons have penetrated our system? It was a bad business for prejudice when the Russians failed to send over pictures of capitalists on the spit or the Church defamed. While on the surface all seems well, the danger is at its worst; we must be on our guard; we must read between the brush-strokes. These pictures may not urge upon us the glories of Communism at the expense of our own order, they may not send us post haste to blow up Mr. Bennett, but there is a more cunning propaganda at work. As M. Francoeur, editor of the tabloid "L'Illustration," suggested in a leader printed in his boldest type, there is the seductive propaganda designed to make us believe that the Bolsheviks are, after all, nice people to know. During the past year, Montreal has been given concerts of excellent music, "in an atmosphere of perfectly good taste", he pointed out. And now this forte belle exposition. All highly intelligent propaganda aimed at the cultured Canadian, to show him that there is really nothing repugnant about Bolshevism. And what are we doing to counteract it? Not a thing.

There is a movement on foot, it might be said in parenthesis, to ship a group of Canadian paintings to the Soviet Union. The Russians will learn what nice people we Canadians are. But can we possibly—? Where would such gestures lead us?

BETTER to examine these Russian pictures with care and intelligence, in the light of decent, self-respecting prejudice. Surely the Bolsheviks do not expect us to believe that they are concerned with such innocences as trees in blossom; and girls on skis! children playing! a man and a boy sitting quietly on a park bench! No, this is deception. When we look closely into these canvasses, we cannot fail to see the real Russia and the menace of it. Isn't there something hard and uncompromising in that still life with samovar by Mashkov? On the surface, Yzvetkov's Towing Timber is a bright and pleasant enough river scene, but of course, those logs were felled in a slave camp; Kuznetsov's Daghistan shepherd boy appears droll, but what thoughts are coiled behind his eyes? And look, the children in the Erivan picture painted by Saryan are marching with a red flag! the stage director painted by Peter Vladimirovich Williams has a flower in his fist, but do not be deceived, what a fist that is, and what a powerful, intimidating torso the man has! and Tanchik's little boy seems like

any other little boy, but beware! he is a Young Pioneer and he wears a red tie!

Seriously, there was little cause for alarm in these fifty paintings and nearly two hundred black-and-whites brought across the Atlantic by the Pennsylvania Museum of Art and the American Russian Institute for Cultural Relations with the Soviet Union, and made available to Montreal by a committee of Montreal painters and writers and Friends of the Soviet Union. Once upon a time, when the Revolution was young and religious in the attitude that whatever was not for it—eyes front, quick march, left, left, left, left—must be against it, there was conceded to the artist no other function than that of creating propaganda. But the Communists came to realize that art could not be forced and, with the dissolution of the Association of Revolutionary Artists, the shortsighted policy was abandoned. The result, as seen in this show, is a wide, free range of subjects and treatment. With two or three exceptions, the artists reflect the Revolution merely because it happens to be their condition of life.

ESSENTIALLY, the Soviet painters are interested in life. Bertram D. Wolfe, Director of the New Workers' School, New York, and author of the interpretation of Diego Rivera's murals, Portrait of America, told a Montreal audience not long ago, that the rise of abstract painting and a host of sterile isms in the western world could be explained by the fact that the capitalist countries were ashamed "to have their pictures taken" and the artists, perforce, had to turn in on themselves. Political theories to one side, there is no doubt that many European and American painters have turned in on their private souls and become absorbed in dreams and other purely subjective forms (to say nothing of the writers who are busy talking to themselves in their private languages), and there is no doubt that the U.S.S.R. is only too happy to have its portrait taken. While they are no longer regimented, the Soviet artists are encouraged to be interested in what goes on about them; they are assured of definite incomes; they have opportunities to express themselves in whichever form suits them best—they may design theatrical productions or pageants, illustrate children's books, make posters, paint easel pictures or walls; they may choose to find inspiration in the Leningrad shipyards or the Dnieprostroy power station, in Samarkand, or the state farm Gigant; they may paint farming or industrial scenes, building operations, children's nurseries, parks of recreation, men's faces, women's bodies, the old-fashioned, quite disinterested, landscape, or the still-life.

WHATEVER they paint—if this exhibition was anything to go by—they all have characteristics in common: freshness, spontaneity, free style, happiness, health and a concern with life. Such characteristics are not new in painting, but they (Please turn to Page 343)



# SPIRITUAL ENLARGEMENT

FRANK H. UNDERHILL

THE appointment of our new Governor-General appears to have led to a great rush among loyal and right-thinking Canadians for certain rather second-rate novels. But the Governor-Generalship is primarily a political office; and one would have thought that the proper place to seek enlightenment about the new incumbent's political ideas was in his political writings rather than in his novels. It so happens that he has written one particular book about politics which has a direct bearing upon Canadian affairs, though this book, curiously enough, has hardly been mentioned in newspaper comments upon his appointment. It is the official life of Lord Minto, which was published in 1924. Lord Minto was Governor-General during the years 1898-1904 at a rather critical period when Canada was just emerging from her nineteenth century colonialism into her twentieth century national status. Now that his biographer has become Governor-General at another rather critical period, one would think that it might have occurred before this to some of our political commentators that by looking up what John Buchan had to say about Canada and the Governor-Generalship in 1924 they might get some light upon what Lord Tweedsmuir thinks about these matters in 1935.

Of course it would be quite unfair to overwork any quotations from the biography of Lord Minto. The position of the Governor-General has gone through a gradual but steady change, and it would be misleading to apply literally any casual remarks about the office and its holder in the 1890's to the office and its holder in the 1930's. Also, since Mr. Buchan wrote his book, we have had the 1926 Report and the Statute of Westminster. The status of the Dominions and the position of the Governor-General have been defined in a way which makes remarks before 1926 somewhat obsolete. But no one can read much of current English political discussion about imperial affairs without realizing quickly that Englishmen on the whole do not regard 1926 and 1931 in the same way as do Canadian nationalists, and that they continually make assumptions about the nature of the Commonwealth which Canadian or other British nationalists repudiate. Mr. Buchan's opinions as expressed in his biography of Lord Minto are therefore likely still to have considerable relevance.

LORD MINTO came to Canada at a time, as we can now see, when some very important decisions about our relations with Great Britain were about to be made. He was a representative of the new school of imperialism which dominated English politics at the time and which was aiming at a consolidation of the Empire's resources, human and material. The new spirit of English policy was personified in the Colonial Secretary, Joseph Chamberlain, who had appointed Minto. Minto himself was an enthusiastic believer in the imperial gospel, although he had strong mental reservations about the methods and the ethical standards of both Cham-

berlain and Rhodes. In Canada he found a Prime Minister who was profoundly suspicious of all these imperial tendencies. And the Boer War brought to the front a clear-cut issue between two alternative courses along which Canadian national development might go in the future.

If she chose the course which Minto and Chamberlain supported, Canada would merge her destiny in that of the larger empire, she would become a junior partner in the Imperial firm. If she chose Laurier's course she would continue to insist on her separate national autonomy, she would as far as possible, keep aloof from Imperial commitments and from 'the vortex of European militarism', she would emphasize her future as a North American nation. We have never quite made up our minds yet as to which of these two roads we want to follow. But Mr. Buchan's book shows no real understanding of the second alternative at all. He regards Laurier simply as a hesitating opportunist.

THE issue arose in acute form over the question of sending troops to South Africa. Minto was enthusiastic in pressing Laurier to offer a contingent. He saw the importance of the principle for the future, and was eager to get Canada committed to Imperial responsibilities. Laurier saw the importance of the principle just as clearly, and resisted all pressure from the Colonial Office and from Rideau Hall, until the wave of loyalist emotion in Ontario forced his hand. When he finally decided to raise a contingent he added to the Order-in-Council a provision that this action should not be a precedent for the future. 'The precedent, Mr. Prime Minister, is the accomplished fact,' replied young Mr. Henri Bourassa, thereby beginning a long fight against British imperialism which one hopes he has not yet concluded. At any rate the accomplished fact has been the basis of all imperialist efforts ever since.

The interest of these events at the turn of the century for us to-day is due to the fact that we are once more living in a period when British imperialism is using all its efforts to win us in Canada into a close economic and military alliance. The essential drive of British imperialism is always the same; it is to get the Dominions to lend their resources, human and material, to the support of British policy. It takes different external forms in different periods; the talk may be about Imperial Federation, or a Zollverein, or a Commonwealth founded on continuous co-operation. But the underlying purpose is the same. Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose. Fundamentally the purpose is to get our assistance in making the world safe for British capitalism.

ALL this is a long-winded introduction to the Buchan book on Minto. But it is perhaps necessary if we are to appreciate the full flavour of certain phrases in the book. Let it be said that the book is written in an eminently fair temper, and that it makes the reader think better both of Minto  
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# APOLOGY FOR TORONTO

E. A. HAVELOCK

**I** THINK it was Rupert Brooke who once observed of Toronto that every other city in Canada despises it, and yet wants to be like it. The observation was an accurate one. No other city excites so much hatred and envy combined. Now it takes character to excite both. The emancipated would like to dismiss Toronto as a large absurdity, but it refuses to be dismissed. It is too individual, too strong, too significant. As an inhabitant, I am fascinated by this significance. I can think of no English town or city that has it. Wigan, for example, has enough character for people to laugh at it, but no one would dream of visiting it; yet everyone comes to Toronto, and quite a lot of people come to stay. There must be some virtue in the place and I have often wondered what it is.

Light is shed on this dark problem when we consider the story of the new ferry boat. The connection between the city's ferry boat and its soul is no doubt not very obvious. True, the vessel is to be one worthy of the twentieth century and the Transportation Commission; it is reported to have Diesel engines, and a new dock is being built to accommodate it. But it is not these details of invention or expenses which make the boat somehow significant of Toronto's character. It was after the money had been voted and the keel laid that a problem arose of a different and more spiritual quality, which at once revealed the true excellence of Toronto. The ferry boat had to have a name. What was this name to be?

The Toronto ferries, it was pointed out, are called after spring flowers, though the resemblance ends there. For six and a quarter cents you may board the brave Bluebell or Trillium or Mayflower or Primrose and voyage to Toronto Island. The new ferry was not less worthy to be a spring flower. What names of spring flowers were left to lend it grace? The problem was aired, like all important civic problems, in the daily press. Someone suggested Hepatica; it seemed a bit precious and unpronounceable. The Board of Control faced the issue, and wrestled with it. Its most belligerent member would have nothing to do with Hepatica. But he showed his good sense by going home and looking at his own backyard. There by his fence he saw his columbine still flowering, and the problem was solved. The papers thankfully reported his inspiration: the ferry boat was after all to bear a name that children and fools could understand and pronounce.

**T**HE intelligentsia of Canada laugh at Toronto for being, among other things, the largest small town in North America, but in this the intelligentsia are something less than intelligent. It is doubtful whether any city of similar size would give a thought to the problem of naming a new ferry; the thing would be left to some official with a dictionary. That is just where Toronto shows a sense of the fitness of things. The industrial age, which has manufactured every modern convenience for us, took away one precious thing—the sense a man should have of belonging to his community, of owing a certain loy-

alty to it, of finding a living interest in its doings.

Our century is essentially an individualistic one, and we cannot be just individuals without also being lonely. It was not otherwise in the centuries that followed the breakup of the city states of Greece and Italy. They were prosperous progressive centuries, but the life slowly ebbed out of them because municipal and national loyalties decayed. We require some living link with our community to complete ourselves, which helps to explain the pathetic and feverish attempt of Hitler's Germany to recreate the citizen by sinking him in his nation. But even the nation is a bit too big for most of us. Our consciousness cannot absorb more than a moderate sized city. Ardent internationalists do not quite see this. They are right in rejecting war, because it has become a matter of ordinary self interest to do so, now that the fighting cannot be confined to professional soldiers who like that sort of thing while the civilians stay at home and make money. But they are wrong in expecting to create a living international consciousness. We cannot love or hate the Hindu or Ethiopian unless he lives on top of us. We are made like that—not wholly spiritual beings whose sympathetic imagination can compass time and space, but just neighbours. It was Aristotle who laid it down that if a man lives in a community larger than what to us would be only a fair-sized town, he cannot live the good life. Modern technique can extend Aristotle's limits a little, but not abolish his principle.

**I**T can be justly laid to the credit of Toronto that with a population of some eight hundred thousand it manages to maintain a collective civic consciousness which is aware of the importance of the name of a ferry boat. Toronto people are interested in their city; they know what is going on in it. That is why with all its faults it is the best governed city in North America. Of course the intelligence quotient of this collective consciousness is not very high. It has to be an average which can include the stupid and ignorant. But it exists, and we of Toronto can with complacency regard the mightier Montreal, a sink into which flow men and types of richer diversity, but a sink without a soul. The cosmopolitan detachment of its intelligentsia is equalled only by its public debt.

Of course Toronto is intolerant. So were Athens and Thebes and Sparta, only they were quixotic enough to defend their pride by launching wars upon each other; Toronto could never be induced to spend the necessary money. Rome was narrow and vigorous, until she became an imperial city in which poor devils like Juvenal felt lost and embittered in their garrets. Intolerance for those outside the gates is a measure of the life within them. This vitality, which sends Toronto's citizens out in the snow on New Year's Day to cast their partisan votes on petty issues of local politics, is the soil and air which best suits the growth of political virtue. It is a hardy plant and not very attractive, rather like a thistle, but without it the human donkey cannot really live.

## CAUSERIE

Will Ogilvie is executing a series of murals in the chapel of Hart House.

Pegi Nicol has been devoting the summer to decorating the restaurant on the fourth floor of T. Eaton and Company. The murals will be on view at the end of August.

Donald Buchanan is dividing his time between Paris and London collecting details of the life and work of J. M. Morrice.

James Peter Ferguson, who directed the production of Shaw's "St. Joan" at the Drama Festival in Ottawa, and his daughter, who won the Lady Bessborough trophy for the best individual performance, have settled in Toronto.

Isabel MacLaughlin is recuperating from an illness at Biddeford Pool in Maine.

George Pepper and Mrs. Kathleen Daly Pepper have been painting Quebec from their retreat in the Laurentians north of Baie St. Paul.

Nancy Pyper says that the Hart House Theatre is going democratic. It will be used not only by the Hart House players but other amateur groups during the coming season.

Marius Barbeau has completed a very thorough study of Tsimshian folk songs which he collected on the West Coast. The volume, with music, words, translations and critical comments, is in the hands of the publisher. Unhappily, the publisher, His Majesty's Canadian government, is short of funds and is not hastening its appearance.

G. M. A. Grube has completed his study of Plato and has been correcting proof and completing the index this summer.

The League for Social Reconstruction, after many trials and tribulations, of which the least was not the volume of legislation placed upon the statute books by the Prime Minister, has completed its large book on a planned and socialized Canada. It is now being read by a prospective publisher and will probably appear this autumn under the title—"Reconstruction—A Plan for Canada."

A diverting scene occurred at a dinner party at the home of the American charge d'affaires the evening the trekkers arrived in Regina. Major-General Sir James MacBrien was one of the guests. Two other guests were so revolutionary as to concoct a pseudo long distance call from Regina. When the Commissioner of the Mounted Police reached the telephone

he was informed by a military voice of a dramatically inclined Colonel that five hundred Mounted Policemen had joined the Communist party.

Two of the editors of the Forum were of the opinion that Mr. Dafeo's contribution to this issue might have been condensed at one or two points. But Graham Spry, who had worked under Mr. Dafeo for four years, restrained them with the story told by Friend Belfort, now news editor of a Fort William paper. Mr. Dafeo sent him a report when Bel was city editor on the Winnipeg Free Press. Bel took his courage in both hands and re-wrote the lead. Next morning, Mr. Dafeo asked him if he was responsible. Bel confessed his courage. Mr. Dafeo: "That's your job, but you are the sort of newspaperman who would edit the Lord's prayer."

The MacMillan Company of Canada is considering the publication of "White Savannahs," a critical study of Canadian poets, such as Leo Kennedy, A. J. M. Smith, F. R. Scott, A. M. Klein, and Marie Le Franc, by Professor W. E. Collin of the University of Western Ontario.

F. R. Scott and Mrs. Scott are spending the summer in Soviet Russia.

Three members of the Canadian Forum group are duly nominated candidates for the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation. King Gordon is standing in Victoria, B.C., E. B. Jolliffe, one of our directors, is in Toronto-St. Paul's, and Graham Spry in Toronto-Broadview.

## LOSER TAKE ALL

This breath, this body perishable though  
It is, too soon dissolved, too quick decayed,  
Requires its season and demands its flow,  
And sows its tares and thistles undismayed  
By weather that comes screaming from the north,  
Or blight that settles early on the young,  
By ghosts of consequences shadowed forth  
In sober precepts of the Latin tongue.

Thus without caution goes the naked soul  
To wring a fruitage from the desert waste,  
To clasp a spar and dare the swirling shoal,  
To fire its bridges with becoming haste—  
Whereby asserts the genius of a breed  
That gleans fat harvest from ambiguous seed.

LEO KENNEDY.





# POLITICS

GRAHAM SPRY

**T**HE swords are drawn and the enemies are entering the final combat, but it may be reasonably asked upon what issues is this significant war being fought? The Liberals, with the light of victory in their eyes, feel the path to Parliament Hill illumined and warmed by the funeral pyres that destroyed the Conservative parties in the provinces, but at the time of writing (August 1st), Mr. MacKenzie King and his general staff have vouchsafed the public no better cause for voting Liberal than the destruction of Mr. Bennett and his party. Mr. Stevens and Mr. Woodsworth have both issued manifestos very similar in language though fundamentally different in policy and the public, so far as they have reached the public, know in general that they stand for a change. The daily press of Canada, with few exceptions, debates no definite issues and satisfies its readers with emphatic denunciations of rival parties.

Mr. Bennett's attempt to make the Conservative party a party of reform has completely failed and even the prayers of Deacon Denton Massey have failed to polish the halo he has replanted, not too firmly, on his leader's brow. If there be one predominating political sentiment it is certainly the sentiment that Mr. Bennett does not stand for reform and that he and his party deserve a thorough and prolonged rest. It is not necessary, as Mr. King was once alleged to have done, to consult astrologers in order to be endowed with enough prophetic powers to foresee not only the defeat but even the extinction of the Conservative party.

**A**N extraordinary and somewhat pathetic detestation for Mr. Bennett is the primary political motive in Canada to-day, and that unusual, somewhat unintelligent, fervor, combined with a vague, real but still un-canalized desire for change form the main elements in a national election which, in the fifth year of the depression in a pre-war epoch, has an importance immeasurably beyond that of almost any election since Confederation. Unless Mr. King surprises the public and contributes, through his influential position and the great publicity media which his well-financed party may command, a policy that creates a definite issue, it is not impossible that beyond this desire for a change and this desire to destroy Mr. Bennett, the election will reflect no decision on any vital issue and settle none.

**I**T is, perhaps, too much to hope that either the C.C.F. or the Reconstruction Party may make the economic issue the centre of the fray. The C.C.F. has surprised even its own executives by the vigour with which the various provincial organizations have thrown themselves into the campaign. There are more than one hundred official C.C.F. candidates now in the field with a dozen to twenty further nominations still to come from the four western provinces. If Ontario which has so far nominated thirty-five candidates, is able to increase

that number by another twenty, the C.C.F. may have as many as one hundred and seventy throughout the Dominion, though it is more likely that the number will be between one hundred and twenty-five and one hundred and fifty. In an election so confused by new parties and movements of every shade from Lenin to Aberhart, the power of a socialist party is not easily estimated. But even with one hundred and fifty candidates, it is unlikely, and from the most impartial national point of view, regrettable that the C.C.F. lacks the financial resources to use national broadcasting and advertising sufficiently to make the future of the capitalist system a national election issue. If the Liberal party proved unwise enough to accept the gauntlet of socialism thrown down by the C.C.F. and thereby made capitalism versus socialism the election issue, the election would have a supreme educational value and the results would have an enduring significance. But Mr. King's facility for erecting the unimportant into the significant and his capacity for mopping up vague demands for change will most probably ensure that the issue raised by the C.C.F. with the modest means at its disposal, will be obscured in a cloud partly of polite commendation and partly of "red" suspicion.

\* \* \*

**I**T is doubtful if either the content of Mr. Stevens' party or the items of his somewhat economically contradictory policy will form a real and vital national issue. Mr. Stevens, if he were running for the presidency of a republic such as the United States, might well be elected president. He has shown, in his speeches, no mean capacity for interesting almost every reformer in almost every section of the Dominion. In a straight race between Mr. Stevens and the Liberal and Conservative leaders, Mr. Stevens would lead by a length. But we are not, in this country, electing a president and Mr. Stevens' Reconstruction Party has neither time nor organization to meet on terms of equality either of the well-paid machines of Mr. King or Mr. Bennett, and he will not even have the radical zeal and philosophic ardour that animate the socialists. It will be difficult for him, as the campaign proceeds, to maintain in a hostile press the frequent headlines on page one and, as his platform is analyzed, the normal sectional divisions that form the basis of Canadian politics will assert themselves. It will, for example, be no mean task to convince the western wheat grower, subject for the past fifteen years, to the free trade educational endeavours of the Winnipeg Free Press, the Progressive parties, and the Wheat Pools, that the small central Canadian manufacturer is the lamb with whom he should lie down. And with the monetary heretics, such as Wm. Aberhart, and H. Hallatt, rushing to crawl under Mr. Stevens' mantle, it is probable that before the election a credit war will raise the mantle to reveal that, after all, Mr. Stevens' banking trousers are essentially of an old fashioned and respectable but unacceptable cut.



**W**HATEVER may be the results of Mr. Stevens' efforts to create a national political party in two months, he raises no specific and significant issues. He, too, joins with Mr. King in exploiting the hate Mr. Bennett has excited, and does not differ from either Mr. King or Mr. Bennett in his essential respect for the capitalist system. Mr. Stevens' stock-in-trade is the bogey of the big interests. It is a useful political cry; it has been useful for forty years. It is re-enforced by artful appeals to almost every occupational and sectional grievance in Canada, but through the heroic propaganda of the ill-financed C.C.F. there has been created, not only among its own supporters, but among the public in general, a desire for some more specific formula for ending the domination of these interests than either higher taxation or further commissions of regulation and control.

If this analysis be correct, then, the Liberal party will seek power without definite policies or specific promises. The Conservative party may raise issues but those issues will no more occupy the passers-by than the Latin inscriptions that float from the worn brass lips of departed princes in the cold, grey mortuary vaults of Santa Croce. The Reconstruction party offers only a new emphasis upon an old issue; a nation of shop-keepers may defeat a Napoleon, but a party of shop-keepers will hardly fool even themselves. The C.C.F. though it has the most completely thought-out, most coherent, and most significant policy, a policy that is one side of the dominating issue of the age, is, however, too ill-financed, and has too little command of publicity media to make its issue the issue of the election.

The result of the election, therefore, will only be the defeat of the Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished, but it determines no issue. It leaves the issues that are vital without an answer.

**T**HERE are vital issues, issues more vital than the railways that keep Sir Edward Beatty awake at Canadian club luncheons, more vital than economy, more vital than mass-buying, more vital than the fate of petit bourgeois manufacturers in Ontario Main Streets or grocers and haberdashers on the street corners. There is, though the Liberal party will not admit it before the election, a more vital issue than freeing Canada from the chains locked by Mr. Bennett.

**T**HE Liberal party, if elected, will, of course, bring some useful approaches to important problems. Mr. King's shoes, softened by the gentle paths of Kingsmere Mountain, have heels that are shod with kinder materials than iron; civil liberties will be safer under his care than under Mr. Bennett. In our relations with Britain's pro-Nazi government, Mr. King is, again, a safer exponent of Canadian opinion than Mr. Bennett; we can be sure that Mr. King, if not wise, will, at any passing moment, be safe. He is not an aggressive chauffeur, but as a pedestrian, he never crosses a corner against a stop light. Inevitably the constitution of Canada and the division of powers, if only taxing powers, between the Dominion and the provinces will arise. Here, Mr. King will be in his element, but, dependent as he will be on a French-Canadian bloc, it is improbable that such settlement as he, with, no

doubt, Norman Rogers, may make will be able adequately to recognize the growing belief in the more slowly crystallizing demand or the undoubted necessity for a stronger federal government.

In questions of trade, Mr. King will proffer a reasonableness that Mr. Bennett could not accomplish; but if world conditions remain as they have been, it is not likely that Mr. King will accomplish as much as he will proffer. Indeed, Mr. King, faced with Canada's peculiar financial problem of selling in the British market and buying in the American, may be compelled, as Mr. Bennett was compelled, to protect our balance of external payments by restricting imports. Given a restricted international market for our exports, given a continuation of our financial problem, it is difficult to envisage any radical departure in tariff matters, however carefully Mr. King may peruse the editorials of the Winnipeg Free Press.

**S**O far as more fundamental problems are concerned, Mr. King and the Liberals have less than no contribution to make. The Liberals do not and cannot accept the thesis of Mr. Bennett that the capitalist system has collapsed, nor of the socialists that it must be replaced. The professors of Queen's may and the editors of the Winnipeg Free Press may induce a friendly attempt to re-establish less planning and more commercial freedom, and the great industries opposed to the regulation of their profits, wages, or trade practices may make the wisdom of these idealists temporarily effective, but the irresistible impact of forces not less "natural" than the law of supply and demand will make a mockery and a menace of such attempts. Their penultimate reuls will not be more goodwill in big business or less unemployment; it will be more pressure from the masses who will have to endure both the goodwill and the unemployment and more power for big business.

**T**HE concentration of wealth will persist. Even a drastic inheritance tax or a great increase of taxation of unearned income will not seriously change the present situation. Such taxation may be sufficient to provide improved social services and to maintain relief, but even this is very doubtful; the largest incomes may be somewhat smaller; nevertheless, the real control of the Canadian economy will continue to lie with the few principal financial institutions and the real planning, however strongly it is labelled "freedom" by the Liberals, will continue to be done by the hundred or so corporations which own and dominate Canada. "Freedom" will be a boon to them, and the end of Mr. King's next regime, if he has one, will find the Canadian people still more fettered, still more shackled than even under Mr. Bennett.

**T**HERE will remain, whatever Mr. King may do, the insistent and inescapable issue of the future of our economic system. That issue may be obscured, happily for both Mr. King and capitalists, by some recovery, some evanescent hue of prosperity, to which Mr. King will have contributed little, or less. But it will be a temporary prosperity and it will be the prosperity, not of the Canadian people, but of a few Canadian corporations. Either there will be even no such passing prosperity, or if there

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# OUGHTERARD

LETTER FROM JOHN QUIXOTE

**W**HEN people ask me if I know Ireland, I find myself answering eagerly that I do, and it never seems to me that I exaggerate, although, in fact, I know only Oughterard, a small village that lies like a cluster of white pebbles between the lake and the hills in Connemara. I spent a happy month there, but, then, time is no measure for these things. I lived ten years in the East and they mean less to me at nights when I am alone than one day out of that month at Oughterard. I know also Paris and Pompei and London and I have memories of each, but, strangely enough, it's Oughterard that most often engages my mind in hours of solitude.

I have been an inconsistent devil in the past. My publisher had commissioned me to visit the Aran Islands to write a book about the natives and no doubt I would have done it—and perhaps shared the honours that went to O'Flaherty—but on the train between Dublin and Galway I met a girl: she delayed me a month and when, finally, I arrived at Inishmore the largest of the three islands, I was greeted at the pier by a revolting herd of authors all bent on the same purpose. It occurred to me to telegraph my publisher from the post-office that serves the Aran folk to show him how we had been misled by the film (it being our idea that Inishmore was at least a thousand miles from the nearest post-office) but I went to the hotel instead and spent my mite on a beer, after which I returned to London.

But I had been to Oughterard and was content. I have always worried my mind about the future and sometimes obscured the present by this adolescent trait. But I am also capable at times of weighing happiness on a philosopher's scales. A month well spent seemed better than a book about the men of Aran, just as I have come to find greater merit in a life well lived than in anything men do for posterity. With so many malcontents he is blessed who can stand aside and search for peace. As for my publisher, I gave him the life of a libidinous queen and he was satisfied.

**D**UBLIN is a limp city; gaunt unhappy people crowd the streets, fire in their eyes and a lean hungry look about them. I remember wishing that their faces had been as sunny as the flowers in Phoenix Park and but half so happy, and I dislike to see soldiers with fixed bayonets where friendly policemen should be. When I think of Dublin I involuntarily think of a grey, rainy day although I do believe the sun was shining when I got there. There was nothing in Dublin to tempt me to delay and I stayed only until the next train for Galway was due. As luck would have it (the word 'luck' appears in almost everything I write) it was graduation day for students of Dublin College and many of them were travelling on my train. Molly was among them. She was pretty I thought, and I have a straight eye for beauty. She had eyes of a colour that is never decidedly blue or grey and I was particularly attracted by the contrast between her jet black hair and white skin. I am myself rather dark and it's

only natural that I should be attracted by a girl with a very fair complexion. Her figure is best described as full. She was of the rounded type whose breasts are well developed and firm. I liked Molly immensely and wished that she were travelling on to Aran. As she hesitated in front of my compartment wondering whether to come in or not, I invited her with a friendly glance, but with a most unfriendly glance she refused my invitation. Later she told me with commendable frankness that I looked like a dangerous character.

I have a most discouraging appearance which puts people immediately on the defensive. It makes my life difficult and in no way sharpens my wits because I dislike strategy.

In the train we met. I knew we would. At first I asked her how often boats left Galway for Aran. She said they left only once a week and one had sailed that afternoon. She recommended the village of Oughterard in which to wait until the next boat was due. Somehow the conversation then turned

## THE MELTING POT

Some ancestor, progenitor  
Of atavistic me  
Trode out the grapes and kissed the girls  
In sunny Italy.

Swiss mountaineers, on Papa's side,  
Subdued the highest Alps,  
While Indian chiefs, on Mama's side,  
Were connoisseurs of scalps.

A wayward monk, renegade nun,  
Bandits from Gascony,  
Donnas from Spain, peddlers from Maine,  
All grace my family tree.

When Cromwell rose to humble kings  
(And to evade the tax)  
'Twas great-great-great-great-grandpapa  
That heaved the fatal axe.

My German peasant sires aroused,  
Forged ploughshares into swords,  
No revolution theirs, they were  
Revolted by the lords.

My French forefathers, so I've heard,  
(Before they went to Hell)  
Had eaten of the French queen's cake  
And thought it tasted swell.

Great-grandma Brown, of Salem town,  
With devils would conspire.  
They ducked her, and, though somewhat damp,  
She made a lovely fire.

My grandpa Bell joined William L.  
(I know this for a fact)  
And fought to make the Family  
A trifle less compact.

to politics, a subject I had promised myself to avoid, and it wasn't many minutes before the inevitable quarrel occurred. She said she hated Englishmen and, though I am a Scotsman, I took the matter to heart and left her. I believe I told her I hated De Valera, which was not really true.

'It's good-bye to you', said Molly, and I returned to my compartment wondering why we had bothered our heads about politics when there were so many delightful things for young people to discuss. At Galway she was met by her parents and I thought I had seen the last of her, which I regretted.

I REACHED Oughterard in an evening light. The ramshackle bus that carried me to Galway had passed the most entrancing scenery and I was glad before I reached my destination, but when I saw Oughterard I became happy as I had not been for a long time. In a few minutes I arranged terms with the landlord of the Lough Corrib Inn and put my bag away, after which I ran out into the street and to the riverside. I think that was the last time I

## by Betty Ratz

My grandma Green, pick-pocket queen,  
Swung on an English gibbet,  
—Though all her thieving tendencies  
I'm trying to inhibit.

In fact, I'm always striving hard  
Through Coué, Freud and such,  
To wrestle with my heritage  
And break its fatal clutch.

I've joined the Young Men's Liberal Club,  
I'm Moose, I'm Elk, I'm Lion,  
Rotarian, Big Brother and  
A Younger Son of Zion.

I've studied economics too.  
And think it's simply grand  
The way the world is wagged by both  
Supply price and demand.

But still I look out on the realm  
And still I think it queer  
And all my rascal grandsires start  
'Awhispering in my ear.

Deep in my heart I know full well  
That all that keeps me straight  
Is handsome cops on horses' backs  
And Section Ninety-Eight.

So here's to Section Ninety-Eight  
That keeps down reds and riot  
But better still has strength to keep  
My wicked forebears quiet.

But just the same I want to get  
It written down on paper  
To keep them down for years and years  
—A tough job, Draper!

knew what it was to be a child; I hopped from rock to boulder, bathed my face in the cool waters of the Corrib and climbed a tree; but this proved too sedate. I ran; ran hither and thither in crazy zig-zags of joyous abandon. There was no one there to remind me of my age. There were trees of different shades and patterns, shrubs and unbelievably beautiful flowers. The grass was tall and formed a matrix round my body as I lay down. From where I was I could hear the waterfall and because the sound was clear, I knew that the morrow would be a fine day. I stayed there until it grew dark and the silhouettes before me turned from green to grey and to deep purple. When my body grew cold, I got up and walked away promising myself many adventures for the next day. Once outside the trees it was only a short distance to the inn. As I approached I heard the voices of men in the parlour and I thought it was early because villagers I had known in the past had not kept late hours. But it was after midnight and in the white-washed cottages that I passed I could see chinks of light. In Oughterard, I found, they retire only when the last story has been told.

In the parlour I met Jo' Burke, Patrick O'Hara, Mike Sweeney the boatman, Gill O'Shea and Mister McDermot who had been a draper in Glasgow some years before. They were talking in hushed tones of a bearded young man who had ridden into the village on an ass that day and after blessing Gill with a few words, had disappeared no one knew where. People on the Connemara road had not seen him, neither did anyone coming in from Galway, which made it mysterious. Gill O'Shea said his face was gentle and very like the Master's. It was plain that a little more courage or encouragement would have made him believe that he had that day looked on the face of Jesus Incarnate. Fortunately I remembered having been very credulous as a child and I did not laugh or scoff at them. Andy D'Arcy pressed Gill—who was only too ready—to recount what the Man had said.

The scene was perfect. These fishermen with intent expressions sitting round a table on which a solitary candle stood; long shadows stooping over every man and a still world outside. They listened eagerly as Gill told them that the hermit had peered further into the after life than most men and being unsettled by what he saw, had restlessly pursued a nomadic life spreading the word of God. Gill had asked for a benediction and received it.

I left them talking of divine miracles and sought my room with the aid of a candle, the dim light of which suited my mood admirably. Thrice in the night the braying of an ass disturbed my sleep and at dawn several of them greeted the day in unison.

OUGHTERARD has a main thoroughfare; no one has bothered to give it a name because it is the only street. There are four shops there; a victualler, an apothecary and two rival sweet and cigarette shops. These last also sell the daily newspapers that trickle through from Galway. Amazingly clean whitewashed cottages divide the shops. In the middle of the street stands the Anglican church little larger than a tomb, outside which may be seen the few cars of the district on a Sunday, whilst at the bottom of the street is the church of the people. Here also is the Anglers Inn where un-

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# NOTES and COMMENT

**T**HE artful (though somewhat heavyweight) dodger who leads the Liberal party has managed to reach the opening of the election campaign without being committed to anything specific. True, he may say something definite in his radio addresses which have not yet been delivered as these lines are being written; but one doubts if Mr. King is capable, even if he wished, of achieving definiteness in a speech of only half an hour. The only constructive measure which the Liberals offer is a lowering of tariffs, which they promise will automatically produce better markets for Canadian natural products. Of all the promises which are being made in the present election this one of the Liberals is at once the most grandiose and the most fraudulent. We do not know of a single student of politics who believes that they will live up to their tariff promises. We do not know of a single competent economist who believes that in this world of economic nationalism there is any longer a possibility of the automatically expanding foreign markets upon which we used to count for Canadian prosperity.

On internal matters the Liberals have nothing whatever to offer. They are historic guardians of the Ark of provincial rights. Everything that has happened in the last five years has gone to show that our national government cannot effectively deal with labour questions or with business practices unless it is given greater constitutional powers under the British North America Act. Mr. King promises to consult the provinces on this question. But the provinces are now, except Alberta, in the control of Liberal governments who have all been shouting about provincial rights. And the would-be Dominion Liberal government depends upon the provincial machines to get itself elected. Is it conceivable that such a government will be very active in restricting the powers of the provinces?

If there is a Liberal majority at Ottawa in the next Parliament, the largest contingent in it will consist of the members from Quebec. In fact the Liberal government will be dependent for about one-third to a half of its votes in the House of Commons upon the Quebec contingent. These members will have been elected thanks to the efficiency of the Taschereau machine, the most reactionary and the most corrupt party machine in North America. The Taschereau machine works hand in glove with the big financial and industrial interests of St. James Street; it exists, in fact, to deliver votes at the bidding of St. James Street. Its followers will spread a thick smoke screen of racial and religious-rights-in-danger whenever any government takes steps to tackle our economic problems in a way that St. James Street doesn't like. They won't permit Mr. King to lower the tariff seriously or to regulate labour conditions or to supervise and control business practices.

**T**HE next largest Liberal contingent is likely to come from Ontario. Our Mitch has been building up a nice little machine also which is mainly interested in jobs and patronage and is not interest-

ed at all in "Industry and Humanity." And that high-souled uplifter, Mr. Arthur Roebuck, can become quite as lugubrious as any French-Canadian last-ditcher when there is even a hint of encroachment on the jurisdiction of the provinces. Then there is the Saskatchewan Liberal machine which has used the administration of relief to make itself practically as efficient as it was in the good old days of Dunning and his road inspectors.

It is influences such as these which will really determine the policy of a Liberal government. For Mr. King's conception of leadership, as he has often himself explained, is that the leader goes in the direction towards which he is most strongly pressed by his followers. This process, in fact, is what he calls democracy in government. Government by pressure from such influences as the Quebec, Ontario and Saskatchewan Liberal machines of course bears little relation to the high moral sentiments which we shall hear during the election from Mr. King about a sane middle-of-the-road policy, or from Mr. La-pointe about our constitutional liberties, or from Prof. Rogers about the crusading pioneer spirit of Liberalism, or from Mr. Dafoe about the beauties of free competition. But a King government really means government by these machines.

## CAMPAIGN FUNDS

**A**WAY back in the days when Mr. King was still wandering in the valley of humiliation there was a proposal from Mr. Vincent Massey that the Liberal party should start an organisation for collecting dues regularly from party members so that there should not be another Beauharnois mess. Mr. Massey's scheme was welcomed in one enthusiastic editorial of the Winnipeg Free Press, since when it has been enveloped in complete and impenetrable silence. We wonder what proportion of the Liberal party funds for this election is coming from its rank-and-file members. As the campaign goes on some hecklers should ask Mr. Massey and Mr. King for information about this matter. And they should also ask Mr. King whether he is prepared to bring in legislation which will provide for full publicity as to the amount and the source of party funds and as to the way they are spent. At present our laws compel local candidates to deposit somewhere or other an unaudited statement of their expenditures at elections, and it is nobody's responsibility to see that even this is done. The funds which the central party machines collect and disburse are not dealt with at all in our Canadian legislation, though they are of course the funds which really matter. Canada lags far behind both Britain and the United States in its legislation about publicity for party funds, in regard both to the provisions of its statutes and to the effectiveness of the machinery by which they are enforced. Yet secrecy in this matter undermines the reality of our professed democracy. The C.C.F. is the only political organisation in the country which could afford to have its financial affairs uncovered before the eyes of the voters. It should tie Mr. King down on this question and show up the hypocrisy of his democratic professions.



## A NEW DEAL IN THE PARTY SYSTEM

**T**HE average Canadian citizen is likely to feel rather confused in face of the variety of political movements which are seeking his attention at present. For with all of them talking about some kind of changes and reforms, he may conclude that there is no very clear issue in the coming election at all. Actually the confusion of parties and groups is a sign that in Canada, as in the United States, our politics is about to enter upon a somewhat painful period of transition.

South of the line there appears to have begun a process which will end with the disappearance of the Republican party and the emergence of some new party alignment altogether. The almost insuperable difficulties which face third parties in the United States have become proverbial. In fact only one third party has ever been successful, and that was the Republican party which arose in the 1850's. That was the period when the "irrepressible conflict" was looming up over slavery. To-day there is another crisis with another irrepressible conflict approaching, this time about the working of American economic institutions; and there is for the moment the same confusion in party conditions as there was in the 1850's. Will a new radical party emerge? At any rate it seems clear that the Democrats under the Roosevelt leadership are destined to become the big business party. They have made it so evident that they don't really want to attack the big business interests in any serious way, and the Republican Old Guard has been so consistently stupid, that there seems no reason why the business leaders should not transfer their support to Roosevelt. The President's technique in advancing towards his proclaimed goal of a redistribution of wealth, with a new deal for the forgotten man, has been described by one American critic as consisting of two speeches forward and one step backward. In such circumstances there is no need for a Republican party. But there will be confusion, and so an opportunity for Roosevelt to represent himself as radical from time to time, until a new and genuinely radical party arises on the left and proceeds to function not as a third but as a second party.

**P**OLITICALLY the United States is just Canada writ large, and we can understand our own problems better if we study tendencies in the more mature community to the south of us. Canadian party politics is in the same confusion as American just now and for the same reasons. The old Macdonald-Laurier system of two opportunistic, unprincipled, capitalist parties is going to pieces. It worked well enough in our big loose-jointed continental community as long as our capitalist system was in a phase of continuous expansion. But to-day the crisis of capitalism is accompanied by a crisis of the party system. With the C.C.F., the Reconstruction party, the Social Credit Leagues, and the "National Government" propagandists all attacking the old system at once, the issues of the crisis may not seem to be very clear. But a little examination will soon show that the confusion is not so great as it seems and as many of our capitalist papers are deliberately trying to make it seem.

It is safe now to pronounce that the Tories are headed for the junk-pile. A party machine of the

old type starves to death without the nourishment of patronage, although our machines have the camel's capacity for going a long time in the desert without food. But for the next decade the Conservatives are going to be deprived of patronage both in the Dominion and in the provincial sphere (and even in such a Tory centre as Toronto it is not inconceivable that the Grits will oust them from control of the City Hall machine also). It is interesting to recall that our present Conservative party was born in Canada in the 1850's just at about the same time that the Republican party was born in the United States.

**L**IKE the Democrats the Liberals seem destined to become the party of big business. Of course, as long as two big business parties can be kept going, it pays our industrial and financial leaders to keep them in mock warfare with one another and so crowd out any other competitors. But the Tories are so evidently bankrupt now that business, in accordance with its usual practice, will soon be constructing a merger. Mr. King provides an admirable leader for all the purposes which business interests think important; and the most important of these purposes is that government shouldn't interfere with business (except of course in the way of tariffs, railway charters and such things). The hero of Beauharnois has demonstrated his usefulness to St. James Street, and no doubt his party managers are collecting campaign contributions in lavish quantities at this moment from the big shots.

As for the various schools of capitalist reform, they all represent attempts to make monopoly capitalism tolerable for the little man. None of them proposes to touch the root of the trouble, which is the concentration of economic control over the processes of production and distribution in the hands of a few millionaires. These men in their present position are too big and powerful to be controlled. As long as they have in their own hands the making of the decisions upon which depend prices, wages and production, they can thwart any government that tries to regulate them by simply refusing to co-operate with it, as the American big business interests have refused to co-operate with Roosevelt. They call this process of non-co-operation a lack of business confidence. The only way to deal with it is to oust those gentry from their position of power and to take over the economic processes which they control, as Roosevelt should have taken over the banks in March, 1933. But neither Mr. Stevens nor Mr. Aberhart nor any of the other prophets of reformed capitalism dream of such measures, and therefore if they ever should get into office they are condemned to futility.

Canada is slightly in advance of the United States politically because we already have a party which is dedicated to something more drastic than patching up our capitalist institutions. In the C.C.F. those interests who suffer chiefly from the breakdown of the capitalist system—farmers, industrial workers, middle-class professional men and technicians—have been learning for two years to work together. The C.C.F. has a great opportunity to drive home during this election the truth that there is only one main issue and that this is the issue between capitalism and socialism. The more vigorous and persistent it is in this work, the more quickly it will

pass from the position of a third party to that of a second one which is in a position to challenge the capitalist Liberal party of Mr. King.

#### FUNERAL DIRGE FOR BENNETT

**M**R. BENNETT promised in 1930 not merely that he would end unemployment, but that he would end unemployment or perish in the attempt. The opportunity has now arrived for the electorate to invite him to perform the second half of his promise, and no one doubts that the invitation is going to be given with an overwhelming unanimity such as the Canadian people have never shown upon any other question in their history. His last chance is now gone. The effort to create an issue by working up a scare among timid property-owners about the supposed danger of widespread communist plots has failed through the blundering of the Justice Department and the Mounted Police at Regina. There remains just a bare possibility that he might get some kind of a reciprocity agreement with the United States which could be presented to the voters as a boon; but the actual treaty, if one is signed, is likely to fall as far short of the hints which the Tory papers have been giving us as the Bennett reform legislation fell short of the Bennett radio speeches. So the time for exit approaches. His fall will be like the doom which the Greeks used to believe was always in store for the man who was guilty of hubris. For the people believe he has been the most overbearing and dictatorial individual that they have ever elevated to the high office of Prime Minister, the most ignorant of all the knowledge which a public man ought to have and the most unwilling to listen to advice from competent experts, the most callous towards human suffering and the most contemptuous and insulting towards those in humble stations. The accumulated resentments which he has stored up against him will result in election figures that will make the Meighen of 1921 look like a popular hero. In the days of his power his followers disgraced themselves by behaving towards him like slavish sycophants and now they are deserting him for the Reconstruction party like rats. His period of rule should have done one thing for us at least; it should have inoculated us against the dangers of a Duce or a Fuehrer. Let us suggest that when he becomes Baron Bow and Elbow, the College of Heralds quarter upon his armorial bearings a tariff wall and a Bennett buggy, the whole surmounted by an iron heel rampant.

#### END OF THE STRONG MAN MYTH

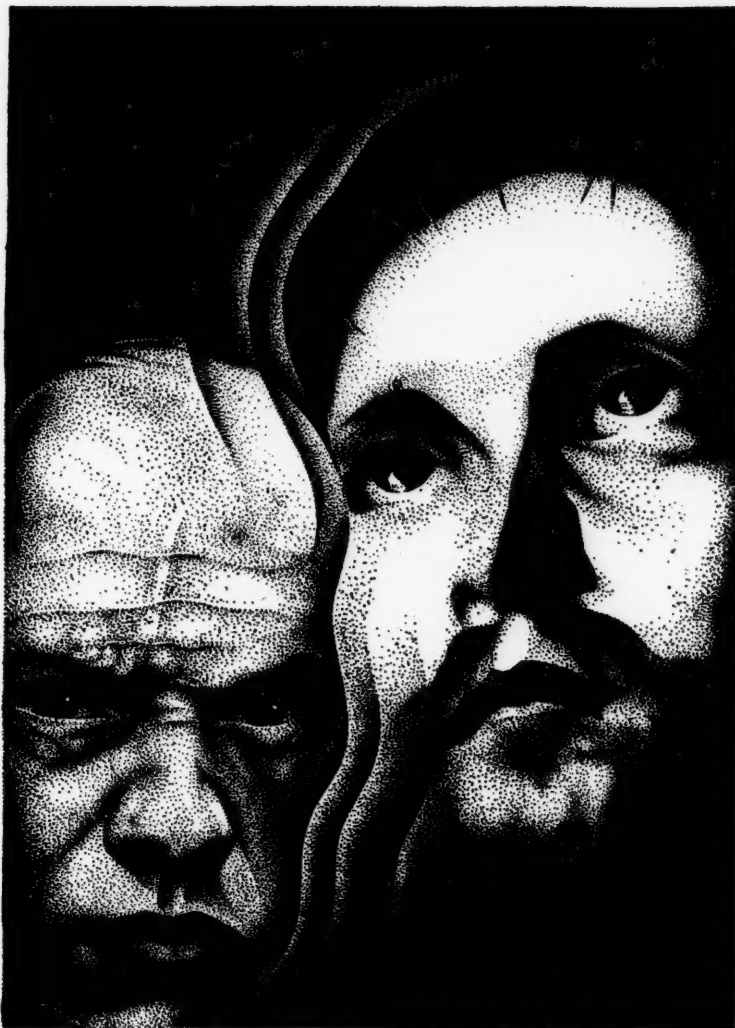
**T**HE power of newspaper publicity has seldom been better illustrated than by the myth which has been inculcated into our minds during the last five years about the strong-man qualities of Mr. Bennett. Actually he has been strong only when carrying out policies which were desired by the interests who control the Conservative party. Whenever he has shown signs of challenging those interests he has had to back down. This was shown first in a decisive way when the Prime Minister at the Ottawa Conference almost reached the point where he was prepared to make real concessions to British manufacturers, especially in textiles. Just what

went on behind the scenes has never been made public, but we do know that there was a revolt in the Cabinet. Mr. Bennett shed tears, and finally he decided that discretion was the better part of valour. The most recent incident was the struggle over the wheat marketing legislation at the end of this last session. Mr. Bennett was going to take the wheat business out of the control of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange and was characteristically truculent about it. But the Grain Exchange invaded Ottawa in force and there was a stand-up fight (in public this time), as the result of which Mr. Bennett had to put all the obnoxious clauses of his bill in a form in which they will only be optionally operative, which means in this case that they will not be brought into operation at all. (It should be added that the Grain Exchange had the whole Liberal party lined up behind it, and the Winnipeg Free Press became more excited over the liberties of the Exchange than it ever has become over any other liberties within human memory.) And everyone can now recall how calm the Conservative old-timers and Montreal and Toronto business magnates remained when Mr. Bennett startled the country with his radio talks about reforming the capitalist system. They knew their man. They had had lunch too often with him to be under any apprehensions. And now we all know that the public excitement was quite needless. The root of Mr. Bennett's weakness is of course that he so thoroughly believes in the doctrines of big business that he can never really shake his mind free from them. His mental arteries had become hard long before 1930. So he is strong only when doing the things of which his business associates approve, such as arresting communists or raising textile duties.

#### THE STEVENS PARTY

**T**HE Stevens movement is directed by a group of small manufacturers and retailers who are out to get Eaton's and Simpson's and the chain stores. The little manufacturers have suffered in their dealings with these mass-purchasers because the individual manufacturer when up against a man like Mr. C. L. Burton, finds that he has to sell at prices which are fixed by the department store. The members of the retail merchants' associations find themselves being driven out of business by the price-slashing and advertising campaigns which the big fellows can put on. What these worthy little men are really fighting against is the bigness of the scale on which modern business is carried on. When it comes to sharp practices, there is no reason to believe that the little retailer or manufacturer is a bit more altruistic in his business than is the big corporation; he pays no better wages unless he is compelled to do so by the existence of a labour union in his plant, and he gouges the consumer quite as unscrupulously. The Report of the Price Spreads Commission, as a matter of fact, points out quite clearly that it is impossible to restore the old conditions of equal competition among a large number of little units; but the economic experts who helped draft the Report have never been able to get this obvious fact into Mr. Stevens' head.

The Stevens cure for the malpractices of business is a government commission which is to establish (Please turn to Page 344)



Mr. Bertram Brooker, whose work has appeared from time to time in The Canadian Forum, has been executing black and white illustrations for a new edition of Feodor Dostoevsky's "Brothers Karamazov". The illustration above is an example of Mr. Brooker's vigorous style.



# A Cartoonist of the Left

**C**RUDE DESIGNS cut in linoleum for five-cent pamphlets, spectaculars and banners for use at rallies and meetings, illustrative attacks on the swing to fascism, caricatures of Mr. King's jowl or Mr. Bennett's paunch . . . such is 'revolutionary art' in Canada to-day. There is not very much of it and it is not very good. There is not very much from the vigorous black and white of Gropper, Art Young and Burck. It is ephemeral, immediate stuff, and serves a very practical purpose. It circulates through the media of the Worker and Young Worker to class-conscious workers and students, and to those intellectuals who have pecked their way out of the social-democratic egg.

Political awareness has taught the artists engaged in this work the value of organization. They constitute active groups in half a dozen Canadian cities. They are the somewhat under-productive advance guard of whatever movement of revolutionary draughtsmen and painters can be expected to help define and forward the class struggle in Canada.

**P**ARALLELING the growth of the proletarian groups is that of individual Canadian painters whose similarity of background, circumstances and approach to art tends to make for identity with the revolutionary movement. Yet a stubborn individualist character or political backwardness contrives to keep these men aloof from the movement which could well use their services, and through which they would likely come to a richer expression. They live in ghettos or labouring class districts; they mix with the misery of prolonged unemployment; they see their friends from the factory haled out of the picket line, beaten and thrust into jail. Some are politicised to the point where they pay a sort of lip-service to the movement. Others are stanced in a painful straddle: their political theory has found the new direction, but their artistic practice still follows the old.

A digression and an explanation are politic here, for the benefit of those liberals now drawing breath to give the hue and cry against any implied regimentation, or proposed tampering with the sacred privilege of the artist to draw or paint what he chooses, regardless of his politics.

**J**UST as the new Soviet Russia's first apparent need was the construction of a heavy industry at the sacrifice of a good deal else, so obviously the immediate task of artists subscribing to the revolutionary principles is to engage in the type of work which will further propagate those principles. You will not disgust the middle class with the private profit system by showing them graceful Quebec landscapes. Something more pointed and pertinent is required. Lithographs depicting the struggle of the masses of people who are asserting their right to live, eat and go clad and shod, drawings and paintings representing the misery and destruction incurring from the drive to war and fascism which is an integral part of capitalism in its advanced, decaying stage, art which will build up political awareness and portray the material benefits of the

socialist state . . . here is work that must be done. When Canadian workers have the physical securities of employment, adequate food, clothing and shelter, it will be admirable to paint landscapes for them to hang on their walls and admire.

**I**N Montreal there are three worker painters whose art holds considerable interest for the thoughtful observer. They are Louis Muhlstock, Alexander Bercowitz and Sam Borenstein. Through the media of well publicised exhibitions the first two are now quite well known in Eastern Canada. Borenstein on the other hand has only exhibited twice, and then obscurely, on the walls of the Coffee House in Montreal. The subject matter of these artists is similar: they paint the Montreal ghetto, tramp steamers in the harbour, street scenes, typical workers and members of the lumpen proletariat. Their pictures reflect an intense preoccupation with the squalid lives of the dispossessed. Bercowitz, probably the most talented of the three, is something of an eccentric, disillusioned individualist. Muhlstock and Borenstein link their preoccupation closely with political awareness, though neither has as yet participated in the revolutionary movement. Muhlstock to date has not carried his work through to its logical political conclusions. It is proposed to discuss the work of Bercowitz and Muhlstock in a later paper; meanwhile consider Borenstein:

**A**CUTTER by trade, this painter is twenty-nine years old and has painted for five years. He came to Canada from Poland in 1921. His schooling was meagre and haphazard. His first job was washing cars in a garage; later he went to Ottawa and worked in a fur factory for one dollar a week as a handy boy. Returning to Montreal he found work in another furrier's, and later took a job in a clothing factory. He applied himself to cutting, and in time made a place for himself among the aristocracy of the needle trade. His background is essentially working class.

Borenstein's occupation with the arts does not go back very far. For three years he wrote poetry in Yiddish and destroyed it. He modelled in clay for three years at the Monument National. He began to paint in 1930 and after two years' assiduous work had nothing to show but a healthy and vigorous colour sense and many sedulous copies of the manner of Van Gogh.

**B**ORENSTEIN has been described as a natural and the playboy of the Montreal art coterie. He has a wealth of talent which he has not yet subjected to any discipline. He has not been able to work with any of the licensed instructors of the art he pursues so wildly. He has never had a picture accepted for the spring or autumn shows of the Art Association. He has studied fitfully with a few and quarrelled violently with a lot of artists. He reacts violently to any suggestion of formality or restraint. His few friends with a show of impatience say he refuses to learn how to paint. He insists that he will learn to paint by following his own bent, and

(Please turn to Page 347)





# BOOKS

## SINCLAIR LEWIS

SELECTED SHORT STORIES: Doubleday, Doran; \$2.50.

**T**HAT it was presented to his public on the eve of the dog days is an indication of the calibre of Sinclair Lewis's latest book. This may have been at the discretion of his publishers; or perhaps the author just wanted to give those good friends of his, the reviewers, a little warm weather exercise. These short stories are so uniformly banal that they are almost exhausting when contrasted with the bitter, headlong honesty of the work that won him a Nobel Prize. The best of the stories, *The Willow Walk*, would be by far the worst in any selection that approached the author's Arrow-smith-Dodsworth standards. In extenuation it must be explained that these exercises in commonplace are reprinted from a number of smooth paper family journals; but this scarcely serves as a recommendation.

**H**OWEVER, the stories might interest the literary sleuth sufficiently to persuade him to trace the source of the infection. The critics have already tied themselves in knots over the problem. In the preface, or apology, that precedes the collection Mr. Lewis provides a clue when he protests that he is a 'romantic mediaevalist' at heart and suggests that the acid-nibbed pen which earned him his reputation is purely an accidental acquisition. Although this statement has been generally accepted as facetious, it offers some interesting speculations in the light of Mr. Lewis's previous works.

A graph of Lewis's emotional development from *Our Mr. Wren to Work Of Art* and *Dodsworth* demonstrates the growth and eventual rationalization of his militant interest in mankind. His first book, *Our Mr. Wren*, is of little importance except for its place in his bibliography and to show a strain of optimism that was gradually to become almost submerged by his concern with social injustices and hypocrisies. In *Main Street* he resolutely casts aside all charitable considerations except for occasional flashes of sympathy towards the indecisive Carol. Upon *Martin Arrowsmith* he does try to build a justification for the blind, uncompromising devotion of a scientist to his task but, nevertheless, *Arrowsmith* emerges as a completely unpleasant personality; Max Gottlieb, the old doctor, is the only one of the lot who betrays any sincerity. No one escapes without a sneer in *Babbitt* and with *Elmer Gantry* Lewis hits the peak, or the bottom, as you prefer, in his crusade against pharisaical American institutions.

**H**ERE the point is that no matter how relentlessly Lewis tears the cloak from hypocrisy he is incapable of standing by and letting it bear witness to itself. He seems to be afraid that some of the more secret sins might be overlooked. Undoubtedly the literary merit of this phase of his work would have been improved had he adopted a bystander's attitude but, although he must have realized this, the spirit of the reformer possessed him too fiercely to let the technique stand in his way. So he refuses to see people as they actually are, but rather in terms of the, to him, monstrous frailties that direct their actions. *Elmer Gantry* is an instance of this astigmatic vision. This Gargantua of involved pietism is completely out of plumb. Even the shams of orthodox religion scarcely warrant such execration. And such is the ferocity and intolerance of the attack that realism is as far removed from *Elmer Gantry* as it is from *Elsie Dinsmore*.

With *Ann Vickers* this misanthropic fury begins to abate. It is clear Ann herself approaches an ideal with Lewis. Unfortunately she is an automaton of the virtues. Her flaming indignation against the abuses she witnesses in the women's prison is perfectly correct of course, but the forthrightness with which she sets about remedying them, her imperviousness to setbacks, indeed the comparative lack of setbacks, is nothing less than romantic. She is almost a camp-fire heroine. And again the contrast between Ann and the major part of the background is too great for reality. The description of the sadism and viciousness with which the women's prison was administered is one of the most appalling passages in American literature; too appalling to be authentic.

**O**NCE it is evident that Lewis's work is divorced from realism it becomes easier to reconcile his possible romanticism with his vitriolic satire. Unquestionably Lewis is an idealist; he can not be lenient with that blend of circumstances, moral issues and conceits that make up the average individual. But even if he does prefer the simplicity of black and white, it does not follow that he must necessarily dispense with romanticism. He himself is far too mature an observer to believe that romanticism can never parallel honesty. His two most recent novels are a proof of the broadening of his outlook. In his treatment of *Dodsworth* he never loses his sense of artistic balance and this results in the best performance of his career. This wealthy

American business man who decides to visit Europe has no relation to the jingoistic Babbit. He is kind and intelligent, rather sentimental in his domestic affairs, respectful of the conventions but not ruled by them. Work of Art gives Lewis an opportunity to throw himself wholeheartedly into a theme that must have proved fascinating to him, the building, equipping and running of a hotel. In both these books there is a return to the optimism of his initial

writings but whether this is due only to his choice of subjects or to the mellowing effect of experience can not be concluded yet. At present Lewis is working at a new novel; not until it is published shall we be able to determine whether he had his tongue in his cheek or not when he called himself a 'romantic mediaevalist'. But it would be by no means an illogical development if he proved to be sincere.

ELEANOR GODFREY.

## VINCENT SHEEAN

PERSONAL HISTORY, (Double-day, Doran and Company), p. 403, \$3.00.

**G**LIMPSES of post-war turmoil in Europe, North Africa, the Near East, the Middle East, the Far East and Soviet Russia furnish the background for this lively autobiography. Fresh, candid, preoccupied with questions which have vivid interest for every student of contemporary history, the book is more than ordinarily stimulating. It is not, however, a conventional summary of the adventures of a restless journalist assigned to stormy seas by various American newspapers and news syndicates. It uses as its central theme the intellectual development of the author rather than the intellectual aberrations of those he contemplates. It is to this extent a departure from traditions current among that class of trained observers whose minds are assumed to have sprung full-fashioned from the forehead of Jove.

**F**RESH from the blatant life of a midwestern college, Mr. Sheean began, properly enough, by putting European statesmen in their place. Like other young journalists he travelled the royal road to all knowledge. His convictions were clear-cut, his temper self-assertive. His progress was unimpeded by that heavy underbrush of contradictory considerations which somewhat retards the ordinary student of world affairs. Experience, however, made him gradually less sure of himself. In France, in Spain, at Geneva, in the Rif and in Persia he was the articulate American newspaper correspondent, true to a well-defined and familiar type. He scorned Poincaré, laughed at Primo de Rivera, risked his life to record the chance sayings of Abd el Krim, renounced belief in the League of Nations because it failed to chastise Italy in the Corfu affair, attempted in a few weeks' time to discover and define the subtle relationship between Persian culture, Persian temperaments and Persian works of art. In China, however, he drifted into an unorthodox state of disequilibrium. The realities of the struggle between liberalism and communism came to mean more to him than the work to which he had been assigned by the North American Newspaper Alliance. In Russia he wrestled with his own mounting heresies and thought he had successfully disposed of them. In Palestine, however, despondent over the death of a communist friend and tired out by the excitements of the 1929 race riots, he capitulated to the inner revolution, rejected journalism as a career and turned to a task which now appeared to him more moral. To integrate his own life with the life of

the times seemed to him his chief responsibility. He ceased to be a mere observer of the lives of others, abandoning himself instead to the battle of ideas in which the life of our times is comprehended.

**H**IS Personal History is the first public acknowledgement of the revolution in his private life. It is a book for the all-but-middle-aged—those readers who are not quite done yet themselves with the period of trial and error intervening between adolescence and maturity. Neither the adolescent nor the mature reader will swallow the inconsistencies of theory and of conduct which Mr. Sheean's life represents. The all-but-middle-aged will recognize in them the inconsistencies of growth. The conflicting attitudes, uncoordinated criticisms, contradictory enthusiasms and mutually incompatible judgments with which the book abounds testify to the vitality of the writer's experiences and to his ability to let his mind be moulded and remoulded by fresh discovery.

**T**HE book has none of the melancholy introspectiveness or the pedestrian sententiousness of Vera Brittain's Testament of Youth. It is written in a healthier key, with a fuller score, and is characterized by an infectious humour. It adds little to the sum of knowledge concerning post-war conditions in the countries Mr. Sheean has visited. Yet it is a notable book because it illuminates with so sparkling and varied a play of light the confused and often turgid stream of Western opinion concerning affairs of the East. That Mr. Sheean's observations are sometimes inaccurate or fail in some essentials to do full justice to the subject under discussion is a circumstance which enhances the value of his autobiography. The story of his escape from a fatuously superficial existence should be brought to the attention of all uprooted persons who live by dispensing spontaneous information about the lands upon whose shores the sea of their own private discontent happens to have washed them up.

ELIZABETH P. McCULLUM.



# THE PASSING OF THE GODS

by V. F. Calverton, Charles Scribner's Sons; pp. xvi, 326: \$3.00.

**E**CRASEZ l'Infame', wrote Voltaire; 'I don't believe in God because I don't believe in Mother Goose,' said Clarence Darrow at a symposium on religion held in Toronto a few years ago. All the previous critics and defenders of organised religion have been concerned with what religion does or does not do for the individual, but not with what it does for society. They have been concerned with religion as 'an individual reality' not as a social force. Although all the critics have tried to show the absurdities and falsities of organised religion, the miracle is, believes Mr. Calverton, that despite 'such contradictions, fallacies, distortions, absurdities, and imbecilities' religion 'has managed to survive and through the ages retains the support of countless millions.' Mr. Calverton in *The Passing of the Gods*, unlike all previous writers on religion both pro and con who have written with reference to the individual, has studied religion from the point of view of society by the application of the technique of socio-economic analysis. This method leads to the study of the interests which religion has served.

The author's approach has been 'to interpret the psychological consequences of religion in terms of the sociological factors which have created them', and in a brilliant introductory chapter clears away current individualistic conceptions of society. In particular he challenges the views of modern psychologists with their individualist theories, who would look at Canada, not as a group of 10,000,000 social beings living together, but as 10,000,000 Robinson Crusoes, each of which, the assumption is, is master of his own soul. It is obvious that such desert-island creatures have being only in the minds of these psychologists. The personality, the mind of an individual, *per se*, does not exist: it is part of the family, the school, the church, business, or any other organization or group with which it is connected. Isolate an individual from similar individuals and he would be little more than an animal. It is obvious that the mind of an individual takes on meaning only when it is a member of a social group. Its formation is conditioned by the various influences in an individual's environment—not environment in the narrow physical sense, as for example of slums—but in the sense of every single idea, institution or interest that has helped to mould the outlook of the mind.

Of the interests which have gone to the making of the mind to-day one of the most important has been religion, believes the author. The religion of primitive man did not grow out of man's desire to explain the unknown, but rather out of man's fear of his environment and his consequent need of power to control his surroundings, and to gain food and shelter in order to give him the security that he needed in a hostile world. So long as no new technique arose to give man real power, religion, reading the material interests of man into the universe, endowed him with an illusion of power. But now a new power, science, has arisen, by which man can actually control in greater or less degree

his environment. Science has not taken the place of religion in our society since its benefits have not yet been given to the masses, and consequently they still have need of religion to protect them from the miseries existing in our civilization. In Soviet Russia, where the benefits of science are more and more accruing to the masses, religion is weaker than in any other part of the world. Yet religion is dying everywhere 'not because the human race has no more need of the function religion serves', but because it has built up superior substitutes' for religion.

Mr. Calverton points out that upper classes the world over have been less religious than the lower classes, not entirely because they are less ignorant than the lower classes, but because with greater economic and social security they have less need for it. It is not true that ruling classes deliberately foist religious blinders on ignorant and gullible masses, for both the rulers and the ruled believe in religion. On the other hand it is a platitude that statesmen and political theorists have recognized that it is in their interests that the people be religious, since it keeps them socially restful. Yet it is significant that their recognition of this function and their deliberate use of it occurs only at a time of social change. Necker, the great French banker, on the eve of the French Revolution said, 'The more the increased taxation keeps the people in dejection and want, the more essential it is to give them religious education, for it is in the restlessness due to misfortune that there is most need of stout fetters and daily consolation'. To-day it is significant that our leading politicians rush to welcome the Oxford Group, and even more significant has been the recent formation by business men in the United States of an organization entitled, if memory serves me, 'Better Churches Inc.' with the thinly disguised purpose of using the churches to allay social restlessness and weakening of the 'moral fibre'.

The chapter on American religion is most interesting. The author points out that modern American religion, with its anti-labour and anti-pacifist inclinations (the church has nothing to do with politics), is safe in the arms of Big Business. Mr. Calverton has no faith in the efforts of religious liberals like Reinhold Niebuhr and Harry F. Ward to make Christianity socialist. The moment the issues become crucial, with capitalism at stake, the Church will land once more in the lap of Big Business. In Canada, however, where the Church has still a much stronger hold on the people than in the United States, it is possible that a section of the Church will play a much greater part on the side of radicalism, and if the transition can be made to socialism with a minimum of violence, that section might even adhere to socialism. Those members of radical parties who think all church members reactionary should remember that a powerful section of the Church might prove an invaluable ally in helping to prevent Fascism from engulfing us. Moreover during the period of the next war, probably the clergy alone will be able to protest publicly



against the actions of the government. While too much must not be expected of the Liberal section of the Church, it is obviously the height of stupidity in this country at any rate; to ridicule the timid steps of Church liberals in a radical direction by calling them 'social fascists' and so on.

In addition to his main thesis Mr. Calverton has thrown out valuable criticisms of the social sciences as taught in modern universities, of contemporary Marxists with their 'theological' communism, and of the idea of future life. In such a brilliant book it is a pity that the author's fondness for phrasemaking should get the better of him occasionally. Why must the reader be faced with such phrases as 'cerebral voltage' and 'emotional tempo'. English would be much better than this sociological jargon.

Mr. Calverton is one of that group of American intellectuals who became communists within recent

years. As editor of the *Modern Monthly*, he has been taking a strongly independent Marxist line and has been very critical of the so-called Communist Party of the United States, which is in reality, the Russian Communist Party in the United States. He believes that only through adapting communism to American traditions and American ideals can communism ever gain widespread support in the United States. Communism is the great enemy of religion, believes the author, and as an independent Marxist, he has aimed to demolish religion not directly but indirectly. His explanations of the continuance of religion and his approach will prove difficult for religious apologists to answer.

The student of modern society will eagerly await Mr. Calverton's forthcoming volume on 'Property and Nationalism' after reading his brilliant 'Passing of the Gods'.

NORMAN PENLINGTON.

## INTERNATIONAL DELUSIONS

by George Malcolm Stratton. Toronto: Thomas Nelson (George Allen & Unwin). 232 pages. \$2.50.

**N**ATIONS, like individuals, are subject to fears, delusions, suspicions, hatreds, and feelings of inferiority; they indulge in self-pity and self-love; they justify their own acts, no matter how unworthy, and think others in the wrong whenever it suits their own interest.

A nation is a collection of individuals, but its collective morality is never equal even to the average of that of its citizens. This leads to a double standard of conduct: one which the citizen recognizes as applying to himself as an individual, and another which he condones in the conduct of his nation.

These are matters of common observation and many are thus inclined to conclude that such behavior is inevitable, an evil that must be indefinitely endured. Dr. Stratton, however, does not think so; and the thesis of his interesting and very readable book is that men must and can learn to act as nations on a plane quite as high as that which they attain as individuals.

The author shows that individual rules of conduct are inculcated and developed in a social setting, and that behavior patterns are the result entirely of the impingement upon the individual of the community. He holds that similar processes can be utilized, in fact are already being utilized, in developing a social conscience among nations. He is far from despairing of world peace and amity; and although he realizes the part which leaders and statesmen play, he insists that the final responsibility lies with the masses of the people.

The manner in which centralized community law-enforcement has supplanted the custom of each enforcing his own law and order, is an example of what may be done in a wider field. This occurred, however, without much conscious understanding of

the mechanics of social organization or of the psychological factors involved. But now that we understand something about the mental and emotional make-up of individuals, we can more easily understand the psychology of nations.

When the motives and delusions of nations become as obvious as individual motives and delusions often are, then nations will find it much harder to delude themselves into thinking that they are deluding the rest of the world. And just as the approbation of his fellows is essential to the well-being of a normal citizen, so is the approbation of other countries essential to the self-esteem of a nation.

D. M. LE BOURDAIS



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# LETTER FROM PARIS

D. W. BUCHANAN

**T**HE rapprochement between Italy and France has had, we may be thankful, one other result than aggression in Abyssinia. Henry de Jouvenel, as French Ambassador in Rome, made the preliminary arrangements for that magnificent display of Italian art which is now being shown in the Petit Palais, Paris. Never before, not even in Italy, have the masterpieces of the schools of Florence and Sienna, of Milan and Venice, been assembled in such overwhelming variety and richness in one exhibition. That phrase may sound as if it were transcribed from the introduction to the official catalogue,—which, to tell the truth, it was; nevertheless, it is true.

The Primitives are particularly well displayed and, although not even a Mussolini could arrange the transfer of any of the frescoes of Giotto from the walls which they adorn, the organizers, at least, were able to secure a crucifix from the Arena Chapel in Padua. This has a figure of Christ upon it, which in its delicacy of outline, in its expressive painting of the flesh shows how the master turned European art from Byzantine formalism into something more human, realistic and sentimental.

A constant stream of people pour in and out of the portals of the Petit Palais every day; the tolerably stiff admission fee in no way appears to curb the numbers. The building, however, has room enough to absorb a crowd, and a little jostling is nothing compared to the supreme advantages of good lighting and excellent hanging, two requisites that are not always to be found by those who would view these pictures in their original homes in Italy and elsewhere.

Nothing has been sent from the British galleries, for the law prohibiting public art treasures to be sent abroad has yet to be repealed by parliament at Westminster. A few things have come from the National Gallery of Ireland and many from private owners in the United States. Hungary and Austria, also Soviet Russia, have dispatched their share, but nothing has been borrowed from the great German collections.

In one long room in which Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michael Angelo and the greater Venetians have been grouped, there is almost too much beauty for awakened sensibilities to bear. For example, to the left of the doorway is *The Little Madonna*, a tiny but perfect canvas by Leonardo which comes from the Hermitage in Leningrad, and opposite it on the other wall is Giorgione's masterpiece, *The Tempest*, from the Academy in Venice. Beyond this portraiture and landscape have not advanced, probably never will be able to advance much in Western art.

**O**N Sunday, after a visit to the Italian exhibition, when one is still prompted by a mood of Renaissance delight, there is only one place to go

to for a stroll in the suburbs of Paris, and that is to St. Germain-en-Laye, for there you will find an early sixteenth century palace, built in the Italian manner, for King Francis I. Red brick and white stone are its materials; its courtyard is a superb example of richly balanced design of windows, buttresses, and balustraded galleries. At each corner are broad cylinders of stone with narrow windows. These contain the staircases and, since they are planned to stand out as separate units in the construction, they are excellent specimens of functionalism in architecture. Unfortunately, when the academic architects copy today this Francis I. style, as they have done in the administration building of the University City in Paris, they merely make use of its ornament, its superficialities, and they forget its vital core. For functionalism in this generation, one has rather to go to the work of Le Corbusier, who is represented in University City by the Swiss pavilion; here the dormitory is in one separate block raised above the ground on concrete pillars, the stairway is in a separate cube, while the entrance hallway forms a low rounded enclosure that neatly balances the other two units. The decorations in the reception room—there is no ornament outside—are photographic murals made principally from the enlargement of X-ray photographs. Such a building must be regarded today as a work equally creative alongside the Palace of St. Germain.

The school of Le Corbusier has made its influence felt in France but it certainly does not dominate the scene; nevertheless, there are ten score of structures, based on completely functionalist principles being erected in France to each one that is being even considered on paper by British architects. On the other hand a species of sculpture in concrete, like carving in butter, has appeared in France, and it is being used by various designers of churches, who feel apparently that they must avoid simplicity at all costs. Such bas-reliefs of saints and angels in petrified oleomargine are frightening, for their method of preparation is so simple and cheap, that the invention possesses infinite possibilities for ugliness.

**F**EW visitors to Paris realize perhaps that the most interesting modern construction hereabouts is to be found among the new schools and municipal offices in the rapidly expanding industrial suburbs of the metropolis. Not all of these are in Communist municipalities, but many are, and during the May elections, when the Third International gained such an overwhelming success in the Department of the Seine, they used pictures of these new schools on their election posters, and an effective form of propaganda they appear to have been.

Alfortville, an industrial commune to the east of Paris, has not only an immense red brick school, all glass and geometry, but also a group of workers' flats to match, with courtyards and lawns.

THE old tone of Nanterre on the other side of Paris, went Communist last election. I was interested to discover, as I passed through Nanterre by train to St. Germain the other Sunday, that the Marxists, like the Catholics before them in France, seem anxious to preserve local pagan traditions. One saw, spread across the main avenue, a broad banner, which bore the hammer and sickle and the words, 'Fete de la Rosière'. This is an ancient festival, a sort of Queen-of-the-May day, when the most virtuous girl in town is crowned the Queen, or to use the French term, 'La Rosière'.

This is not the only type of celebration the Marxists have been adopting. The Common Front, the union of Socialists and Communists, which is now an established and successful factor in French municipal politics, tried to make, out of the Victor Hugo celebration this year, a great popular demonstration. They claimed Victor Hugo as a radical ancestor and to such effect that the government at the last moment placed a ban on the Victor Hugo festival of music, addresses, plays and school children's performances, that had been arranged for a Sunday in June.

ONE always finds someone new to admire in the ranks of the better French painters, every time one visits Paris and looks into the windows of the dealers, where the great mingle with the less great. Last time Derain used to keep me silent before his canvasses for many a moment, but now the slight, faded air of the museum that clings to so many of them is beginning to annoy me.

I saw Derain, small landscapes in a room with three small Corots of the best type, when the master was depicting views of houses and farms near his home at Ville d'Avray, and not indulging his weak fancies for nymphs under willows, and it appeared there that Derain was, more often than not, a slightly insipid Corot, the master brought up to date, but a little dried out in the process.

The new star that has swung into my fancy is, this time, Albert Marquet, the French painter, who is now holding a large exhibition in London. How different he is from Derain! How firm, clear and fresh! The two men are both accomplished painters; Derain, in particular, can handle his brush with facile virtuosity. Yet, that solid spacing of buildings, especially buildings beside harbours, the cool, even expanse of his skies and water, make the canvasses of Marquet as refreshing as lemonade on a sultry afternoon. In this, in the cool flavour of his painting, our Canadian artist, David B. Milne reminds me of Marquet. The two men both keep to a fairly even range of medium values in their colours, although Milne is far from that cubism, under the influence of which Marquet once passed. I think of Milne, because his canvasses seemed so much at home in Paris, where I saw them the other day in the Canadian Legation, which bought two of his works some weeks ago in Canada, to add to their small collection.

Marquet, by the way, like Henri Matisse, was a friend of the Canadian artist, James Morrice. The two men both loved to wander in North America, and they were sometimes to be seen together in Algiers.

## POLITICS

is, it will be succeeded by a depression even more shadowed and tragic than the present. Unemployment may rise and fall but it will continue to exist, be there a boom or a continued depression. Wealth, sucked like the air through a ventilator, will concentrate more and more in a single class. The lines between the secure and the insecure will be drawn more harshly, more inescapably. And beyond the frontiers of Canada, the same lines will be drawn between those nations with socialist governments building a new society and those with New Deal governments struggling in futility to salvage an old. A Socialist government in Britain, a second and finally disastrous government of Mr. Roosevelt, the crash and collapse of Fascist states in war and revolution in Europe, these will stimulate and hasten the crystallization of the issue in Canada. A Liberal government may be able to blink at, but it will fail to dissolve that issue. If Mr. King forms the next government, he will resolve no problem. He will be but an interlude in the coming struggle for power.

WILL he form a government? All the palpable evidences write the answer, yes. There are only two other possibilities. The C.C.F. and the Reconstruction party may be far stronger than present evidences suggest. It is certainly more than probable that the C.C.F. will form the official opposition. Will the C.C.F. and the Reconstruction party combined have a strength as great as that of the Liberals? The C.C.F. strength will be in urban Ontario and both the urban and rural west. It will make some impact in rural Ontario, but there Mr. Stevens has a more fertile field than the C.C.F. thanks to the action of Agnes Macphail and Elmore Philpott and the inaction of the Farmer's Sun. Assuming considerable strength for the C.C.F. in the west, and a solid Quebec and the Maritimes for the Liberals, the fight between the Liberals and the two other parties will be most significant in rural Ontario. If Mr. Stevens makes a serious drive in rural Ontario, and if it is not too late, he may be able to reduce by not a few seats the Liberal possibilities there.

BUT there is no evident political vitality in the U.F.O. or in the Ontario farmer. Mr. Stevens may make some conquests; but no sufficient indications suggest that they will, in rural Ontario, seriously diminish the Liberal strength. Perhaps, as the campaign proceeds, the situation may radically change, Mr. Stevens may be a phenomenon that has been under-estimated. We think not.

The real issues in Canada will not be fought out or settled in this election. There will be some reflection of those issues and the pattern of the divisions on them will be made more apparent. But the main result will be the crushing of the Conservative party by an ungrateful nation. Mr. King will probably hold one hundred and fifty or more seats, Mr. Woodsworth and the socialists twenty-five to fifty or more, the Reconstruction party, twenty to twenty-five, and Communists, Social Crediters and monetary cranks, independents and what not, a handful.

This is the shape of things to come. As Cyrano might have said, it is not a very useful shape.



## FREEDOM OF PUBLIC OPINION

understanding on this point: From what source are we to derive the power by which we shall deal with our problems, with a reasonable assurance that ground once gained will not be lost, and that progress will be continued towards ends which constitute the common hope for mankind? Put in the simplest terms the choice is between power derived from the free operation of public opinion and some form of absolute power, however derived, however applied. In other words, the choice is between Reason or Force, Freedom or Authority imposed by external power.

If any man had said to me 30 years ago that the time would ever come when these issues would be the subject of heated debate in an English-speaking country, I should have regarded the question thus raised as matter for merriment.

If he said further that, when the issue should arise, old men on the eve of departure—traditionally the advocates of discipline, order, authority—would plead with young men not to be so pantingly eager to dispossess themselves of rights and privileges which had been won for them at a price, I should have considered him as a mad jester.

**I**N a life which has covered all the transformations and material revolutions brought about by modern science, I have found little difficulty in adjusting myself to the resultant changes; but I confess myself completely stumped by the sight of young men, anywhere in the so-called civilized world, keen to renounce their rights of private opinion and of freedom of action, by pledging subservience to some self-proclaimed leader, under the delusion that they will thereby obtain security, either temporary or permanent. If security could be thus bought, the price would be much too high; but there never can be security, in terms of the needs of civilization, in serfdom.

I have been privileged in the past few years to speak to many audiences of young people. I have been careful in these addresses to abstain from anything in the nature of preaching. I have been chary about advice or suggestions. Experience based upon the conditions of forty or fifty years ago is not a lamp for the steps of this generation. But on one point I have felt myself free to tender advice with all the power at my command. I have said to them: "Don't give your allegiance to any proposed system of government, or to any suggested reconstruction of society, which will limit your right to continue to think about these matters and to act freely in the field of political action in keeping with your changing thought as your knowledge and experience grows."

This reservation of the right of private judgment as an inalienable personal possession, and the liberty to seek by legal means to give effect to it, if universally made, will very sharply limit and in many cases destroy projects highly publicized and skilfully camouflaged as reforms designed to widen the field of human opportunity. It preserves the right to reconsider and the power to change front and if necessary to retreat.

It is therefore unacceptable to those who would like to make an induced declaration of apparent

public opinion irrevocable once it marches with their plans; who would use the privileges of freedom to destroy freedom; and would seek to end constitutional liberty by a perverted employment of constitutional methods.

**S**UBJECT to this continuing right of freedom of thought and action, enquiry into things as they are, critical examination of existing beliefs, are not only desirable; they are imperative if mankind is to rise, generation after generation, to higher levels. It is the glory of democracy that where it has prevailed these levels have risen.

When these tests of free thought, free speech, free association with adequate machinery to give expression and effect to opinions thus created, are applied, it is seen at once that they exclude every system of government except that which has been developed in the liberal-democratic countries, and is now being maintained in them by the constant vigilance of those to whom these things are vital.

To the abstract claim that public opinion determines the form and the range of power of government, denial would be made by none of the newly-established despotisms. The mortal fear that the dictators have of free opinion is the handsomest tribute that could be paid to its dynamic power. Their method is, by the suppression of free discussion, by the destruction of all the agencies by which opinion is formed and expressed, by frightfulness directed against all who hold views discordant with theirs, to obtain at command manifestations of apparent popular approval, and in the period intervening between these demonstrations, submission abject and complete. The modern despot is not content to have his subjects cowed, subservient and silent; they must imitate, with absurd exaggerations, the homage and affection which free men pay to their chosen leaders. This for the comfort of the dictator who needs, both at home and abroad, the assurance, fraudulent though he knows it to be, that he has behind him the backing of public opinion.

**B**UT the public opinion which sustains and directs popular government is not fashioned in this manner. The essential ingredient of public opinion is that it is the product of a long process of free discussion; to its making have gone the clash of divergent views, the contrast of theories, and pull and tug of interests, the consideration of its practicability and of the resistances that will be excited by its expression in action. And when it emerges in this form it is nothing but the opinion of a majority possibly still faced by a vocal and unconvinced minority with a conceded right to convert itself into a majority if it can do so by persuasion, organisation and propaganda.

It is at this point that the Fascist and Liberal-democratic conceptions of government meet in a death-grapple. The Fascist point of view is well expressed in a single sentence by F. Yeats-Brown: "No country can benefit from a continual discussion of diametrically opposite points of view." This precisely is the issue. Under democracy diametrically opposite points of view yield in time to discussion when it becomes established that behind one view there is a constant predominance of public opinion.

Our constitutional history is full of cases of issues, once violently debated, which were ultimately settled by agreement or by the yielding of the minority. But an arbitrary decision by a dictator on a major question settles nothing; it presents itself once again when the despot's hour has struck. The despot's hour always strikes.

**T**HERE are no established formulas to govern the relationship between public opinion and democratic government. What is of immeasurable importance is that in a modern democracy every adult has some part in the government if it is only the casting of a vote—an act of renewed impressiveness and significance in these latter days.

And real, though not apparent, participation in government is the privilege, to the extent and power of his influence, of every person who interests himself in the advocacy of public causes. Discussion groups, conferences, conventions, church assemblies, gatherings of bodies like the Chambers of Commerce, are notable factors in government. Anybody who, on the public platform, or on the radio, or by the printed word, can sell his ideas to tens of thousands of people, plays an important part in the government. Fletcher did not care who made the laws if he made the songs; but the man who makes the right kind of songs makes laws too. It was Abraham Lincoln who said: "He who moulds public sentiment goes deeper than he who enacts statutes or decisions possible or impossible to be executed."

If a noticeable body of public opinion on any subject is created by personal or group advocacy, those much-abused but on balance useful persons, the politicians, speedily find it out and at once begin to plan to put it to use. It will be picked up and made an issue, perhaps in a single constituency or in a province. You can all supply instances from your own knowledge and experience. Manitoba adopted woman suffrage in 1916; it spread from province to province and to the Dominion until it became universal except for provincial elections in Quebec. The tide of prohibition flowed from province to province, and later ebbed from province to province.

**T**HERE was a time when I was inclined to think that this waiting upon the emergence of opinion was shiftless and cowardly on the part of the parties, and not in the public interest. Parties, I thought, should be instant in thinking out policies in extension of a strongly-held body of principles, and vigorous in pressing them on the attention of the people; but now I am not so sure. If our parties were too rigid and doctrinaire with tests of admission and disciplinary committees, we should be bound to have a multiplicity of parties, incapable of co-operating with one another; and they would all be more insulated against the pressure of public opinion than is the case at present.

I discussed this matter recently with an eminent professor of a great American University, who was born and educated in Canada; his view with which I found myself largely in agreement, was that there had been advantages to both countries in having political parties which, within limits of course, were willing to compete with one another in interpreting popular opinion and giving effect to it.

I am aware that many will say that this system of government was all very well in times of less economic pressure when conditions were less critical than they now are; but that the time has now come for strong governments which will decide what is good and necessary for the public, and, by a use of the enormous reserve powers of the state put these plans over, picking up in the process the enthusiastic support of the people, who are eager in times of stress to welcome radical experimental policies. It is now necessary, they say, for governments to create public opinion under forced draft, in order that speedy results may be attained.

The strong government with aggressive leadership which thinks out programmes attractive to the electors and then goes to the people and "cleans up" the other party is not however a development of to-day. We have had election "sweeps" in Canada and resulting "strong governments." Most of our difficult problems in Canada are legacies from these "strong" governments; while the more fruitful periods in our legislative record have been those in which the political weakness of the government made it more responsive to the impact of outside public opinion.

**W**HEN a government is strongly entrenched and deeply committed to vigorous courses, giving rise to bitter divisions of opinion, it is a time for those concerned in upholding democratic government to be on the alert lest there should be a reversal to a conception of the powers of government and to methods of administration which belong to a bygone age.

There is in our system of government (I am speaking of the British system) a latent germ of Fascism; and sometimes, if the political atmosphere is favourable, it shows signs of coming to life. A government in a British country, large or small, is a collection of politicians who hold office temporarily because for the time being they have the confidence of the public, and as such they are legitimate objects of political attack; but it is also the wielder, for the protection of the public, of all the dread powers of the state. There are times when the public men who constitute the government confuse the two functions. I have known the leader of a government to warn the press that criticism of his financial administration was actionable, because it was an injury to the state; and also to threaten the organizers of a public meeting that they were putting themselves within reach of the law by bringing government—that is, his government—into public contempt. The British law of sedition—which in Canada is adorned with a set of special teeth—is capable of being turned into an engine for the control of opinion if the public temper is propitious. "Sedition", according to Mr. Lapointe, former Minister of Justice for Canada, "embraces everything, whether by word, deed or writing, which is calculated to disturb the tranquillity of the state"—a fairly comprehensive definition. What is the tranquillity of the state? Is it the same thing as tranquillity in the mind of the Prime Minister? We have had in Canada within the past two years a case where an attack upon the Prime Minister, which would have justified a charge of criminal libel, was regarded by the authorities as seditious. The jury,

true to the traditional attitude of juries in a British country in these cases, rejected the charge and freed the prisoner, thus establishing a precedent which has discouraged further prosecutions of this character.

**O**UR law of sedition has undoubtedly been employed to discourage left-wing public meetings. And there have been recent findings by English courts disturbing to radical opinion. Of one such decision Professor Laski wrote: "I do not find it easy to remain content with a principle of law which permits the infliction of heavy sentences merely for printing and publishing wild words. Any emphatic effort to apply the Seditious Libels Act in this country would make political controversy impossible." In times of stress and unrest the jury system is almost the sole defence against the improper use of our law of sedition.

Watchful vigilance is always necessary to prevent any limitation of the rights of free discussion and free association under the guise of law. It is here that the powers of the press are great and its responsibilities clear. The newspapers are jealous of their own liberty and are always instant in its defence, but they are often not so ready to defend liberty of speech and action when the rights of others are at stake. Freedom of publication and freedom of association and of speech are the same and a successful attack upon one would mean the extinction of the other. As I have already said all our freedoms are one freedom: they stand or fall together.

**G**OVERNMENT with public opinion based upon freedom of thought, speech and action, both as driving force and controller, has been hardly won; and it cannot be said to be so firmly established that we can now devote ourselves exclusively to the consideration of how it can best be created, how most wisely applied. Our first interest is to see that it is maintained. Democracy, as Dr. Glenn Frank recently reminded the American Newspaper Publishers Association, has died before in history, flickering out and disappearing for centuries. It cannot survive the denial of the rights of free discussion and free association; and it is the prime obligation of liberals—I use the word, of course, in a social and political, not a party sense—to be watchful to detect and resist every attempt to put limitations upon these rights as hitherto recognized, no matter what plausible justification may be put forward for the suggested limitations.

A willingness to suppress or control public opinion is indicated, both from the right and the left; but it is with the former that we are concerned, since it is they alone who at this time may have power to give effect to their wishes.

The open hostility to popular government from those with a Fascist mentality, and equally from the Communists, rests upon a fact about which there is no dispute. If individual rights and constitutional safeguards are respected our government policies must necessarily be reformist, our progress slow. Sidney Webb's thesis of the inevitability of gradualism will have to be respected. This is by no means acceptable to the gentlemen who want to tidy up the world in a jiffy. They may disagree

as to the particular paradise with which they propose to endow humanity; but they are agreed upon the technique necessary to their plans. The deliberate and safe processes of popular government are much too slow for them; and they yearn and reach for the powers of state in order that they may take short-cuts regardless of the obstacles that may be in the way in the form of constitutional checks upon arbitrary power.

**D**EMOCRACY is not likely knowingly to abdicate its functions. It is still less likely to be coerced by the overt acts of conspirators. But it may commit suicide through popular exasperation over the failure of government to meet the expectations of those who have exaggerated and absurd ideas of what the state can and should do for them. It is conceivable that an ill-informed, inflamed, revengeful state of public opinion might, in a gust of passion, wreck the carefully-balanced machinery of democratic government and turn over the direction of affairs to a government which would seize the occasion to vest itself with despotic power. But unless the people lost, or should be coerced into renouncing their traditional Anglo-Saxon instinct for freedom, the damage would be repaired, in time, with an increase in knowledge and experience that would be a safeguard against a recurrence of an emotional stampede of this nature. That in an English-speaking country the power of regaining popular control of government could be lost is to me inconceivable.

**F**OR protection against developments of this kind, we can only rely upon the sobriety and the courage of the liberal informed elements in the population; and a full use of the agencies of enlightenment and education which are at their command if they will but use them. They are, I think, sometimes too ready to take to the cyclone cellars when some gusty, dangerous wind of freak opinion is blowing. They count upon it blowing over with no great damage done; but some day their faith may not be justified and they will find that it has blown away much that is precious to them. Our enfranchisement as free citizens imposes upon us many obligations. One of the most vital of these is the duty to oppose movements not in our judgment in the public interest regardless of the volume of public approval that may seem to be behind them. Only in this way is there any chance of an outburst of bogus public opinion being held in check until true informed public opinion can manifest itself. Otherwise agencies of power may be seized and great damage done before the balance is restored by the mobilization of what turns out to be majority opinion. Here again the duty of the press is plain and inescapable. The newspaper which, for reasons of prudence or indifference, refuses to subject policies which it believes to be wrong and experiments which it regards as dangerous to the public to critical analysis and destructive comment is recreant in its duty to the state and also to the particular public whose support it has enlisted. The refusal of individuals and of newspapers to stand up for their opinions if they have reason to think them for the time being unpopular, must arise from a cheerful faith that things will come out all right without help from them. There have been contemporary ex-



periences however which show that this lazy faith may turn out to be inexcusable credulity.

**F**OR democracies the only way is forward, but it does not follow that we should bolt from the highway at intervals and lose ourselves in the wilderness. The highway to that future of which we all have vision is free democratic government: with its checks and balances; its freedom of discussion; its respect for public opinion; its regard for individual liberty; its concern for the constant betterment of society; and its practical formula of making sure that it is right, and then going ahead.

Notwithstanding some pessimistic observations in this address, I have not much fear that English-speaking peoples will go back to a conception of government, which was never better expressed than by an English King who lost his head because he held these views:

**F**OR the people, truly I desire their liberty and freedom as much as anybody heretofore; but I must tell you their liberty and freedom consists in having government, those laws by which their lives and their goods may be most their own. It is not their having a share in the government; that is nothing appertaining to them. A subject and a sovereign are clear, different things."

Somewhat more recently the King of the British nations spoke to his people of the system of government, by which they and he live, in these terms:

**T**HE system bequeathed to us by our ancestors, again modified for the needs of a new age, has been found once more, as of old, the best way to secure government by the people, freedom for the individual, the ordered strength of the State, and the rule of law over governors and governed alike."

There we have the free democratic government of the twentieth century put in vivid contrast with the schemes of an autocratic and imposed government as advocated in the seventeenth century. Our ancestors rejected, somewhat decisively and effectively, the suggestion that government was none of their business; and the British peoples are not likely to go wandering back into the dark ages to find the jewel that they rejected three hundred years ago.

## SOVIET ART COMES TO CANADA

have been given a new impetus and the trend may be significant to the rest of the world, even if it is too early to expect the Revolution to have given us a new painting style. It means something, too, that artists across a vast territory, from northern Arkhangel to oriental Samarkand, should have an outlook in common.

If the styles in the show were not essentially revolutionary, neither could they be called essentially Russian. They were closer to Europe or America than to the old Russia of the bylinas—of

Sadko—or the ikons. Strange as it seems to those who knew anything about it, there are people who imagine the Russians to be a race of primitive—if not wicked—peasants and industrial workers, whose art, if they had any, would be limited to childish daubings. These critics were answered in no uncertain terms by a group of paintings which for observation, imagination, technique, style, and even sophistication, demonstrate the highest aesthetic integrity.

Indeed, it was this that dismayed M. Francoeur. The least these Bolsheviks could have done was to give us outrages against art!

**B**UT some of the paintings were even academic. The surprise of the show was Bubnov's *Raided by the White Guard*. Bubnov is one of the youngest painters represented, yet he sent us a canvas that was akin to the sentimental Victorian anecdotes. Such are the pitfalls of painting with a Cause in the back of your mind. More interesting was the *Red Army Cadets* by Poitr Shegolev (the youngest, born 1909) which was the only canvas in anyway resembling Rivera. There was a "pretty" landscape—Grabar's *Springtime*—but Grabar was born in 1871; and there were a number of frankly "pictorial" canvases. Nissky's *Seascape* was the closest thing to a modern "art for art's sake" esoteric, but it did not quite come off.

More important than any of these, to the believer in the modern focus, were Peter Williams' robust portraits; Shevchenko's beautiful *Fruit Seller*, Batum—the figure of a woman with a bowl of pears; Pimenov's glowing half-nude, *The Bath*; Saryan's *Erivan*; Kashina's lively water colours, and the powerful mural designs by Deyneka.

The graphic arts section was by no means an appendage; it was an important show in itself. While many of the works were illustrations for the classics and even foreign books—*Great Expectations*, *The Song of Hiawatha*, *Roussau's Confessions*—most of these black-and-whites, far more than the paintings brought the drama of the new Russia. Of particular note were Kasyan's *Dnieprostroy scenes*, Zenkevich's *Polomensky iron works*, Kravchenko's designs for air-mail stamps, Kupreyanov's *fishermen*, Kurdov's *studies of horses*, and the stark *Civil War Funeral* by Sokolov-Skalya. Whether they were satires, swift impressions or careful recordings of facts, the black-and-white were extremely skilful and trenchant.



## SPIRITUAL ENLARGEMENT

and of Laurier by the way in which it deals with their disputes. Still here are the phrases.

(1) 'He (Minto) was a representative of a new school of imperial thought which Canada could not ignore; and with this new spirit abroad his office took on a greater significance. While he must rely often on Laurier, he brought much to the partnership. . . . On one subject, that of armed defence, he was already an expert . . . and he played a part in advising, controlling and stimulating his ministers which was new in the annals of the Dominion.' Is not the word 'partnership' a peculiar one to use in describing the relationship of the Governor-General to the Prime Minister? Does it not represent ideas which were already long out of date in 1898?

(2) 'The imperial tie was transformed from a platitude into an inspiration . . . To an economic revival was added a spiritual enlargement'. This spiritual enlargement culminated of course for the moment in the undertaking in South Africa of new imperial responsibilities from which the colony had hitherto been aloof. The process of spiritual enlargement was continued at considerable cost to us in 1914. We may be invited to continue it still further and at still great cost sometime in the 1930's or 1940's.

It would be absurd to see anything sinister in these or other such phrases of our new Governor-General's writings. Still there will be some people who will wonder whether he is coming to Ottawa with any dreams in his head of taking part in another partnership with a Canadian Prime Minister which will aim at a further spiritual enlargement for us Canadians.

## NOTES and COMMENT

lish and enforce codes of fair practices and just prices. Something can be done along these lines, no doubt, but it is naive to imagine that in a society dominated by big capitalist corporations we shall ever get a government which can keep them in complete control. In a competitive society like ours the only real protection for the worker against exploitation is organisation with his fellows in strong unions, and the only real protection for the primary producer is organisation with his fellows in strong co-operative marketing units. Mr. Stevens favours the latter step, though we wonder what his retail merchant associates have to say about the co-operative buying activities of the farmer organisations in Ontario and on the prairies. But he is very vague about labour unions, and we don't need to guess what his chief lieutenant, Mr. Cook, thinks about them.

He is even vaguer about the changes which he thinks needed in the B.N.A. Act, though surely it was his duty during the past year to give this matter some consideration. His manifesto, in fact, is so careful to reassure the provinces about their jurisdiction that it reads like a joint production of Taschereau and Roebuck. In short, it is the manifesto of a man who is much more anxious about office than about the effectiveness of the government

commission which is to regulate labour conditions, prices and business practices generally. For Mr. Stevens must know that without fairly drastic amendment of the B.N.A. Act the trade commission which is his panacea wouldn't last six months in our courts.

## TOUGHTERARD

commonly good beer and company may be had.

I forget the name of the woman from whom I bought my cigarettes, but we became friends as soon as I understood her sense of humour, which at first struck me as rather acrid. It was while standing outside her shop on the second day of my visit that I saw Molly walking toward me with a disdainful air. I held my ground. She passed me without so much as the flicker of an eyelash, but I knew that she had seen me. I asked a boy near me where the road led to. The waterfall he said. I watched Molly until she crossed the bridge, then followed as casually as I could. The waterfall is encircled by so thick a cluster of trees, that anyone might easily miss it, but I got there and found Molly waiting for me with a broad grin on her face. Never had I been so well guided nor yet so silently.

'Well', I asked, 'do you still hate Englishmen?'

'Yes', she replied, 'but you're such a terrible queer fellow'.

With that explanation for her friendliness I had to content myself.

She took me on my first walk over the hills. I found that her name was O'Shea and that the Gill I had met the night before was her brother. When we reached the edge of the peat moors she made me take off my shoes and socks and did the same herself without the least trace of embarrassment which I thought surprising in one who at school must have been forbidden to look at her body. Walking through the moors we were often knee deep in the soggy earth, and from time to time I cast a glance at Molly to see if she were alarmed. I expected any minute to sink up to my neck, but it was all right. She pointed out many plants from which the dye is made to colour the Connemara tweed, some very fine examples of which I had seen women weaving in the village. Next to Harris tweed, I think the Connemara tweed is best.

**C** LIMBING up Cloosh hill where the land was dry, we passed Jo' Burke's 'Castle'. Some parts of it were in ruins and she told me that many years ago Jo' had gone to America, having vowed to return only when he had enough money with which to rebuild the home of his fathers. It was said in the village that he stayed away thirty years, then came back with a woman who, albeit charming, looked so much like an actress as to give the local priest a good deal of discomfort. Now they were gradually rebuilding the 'castle' and as Molly recounted their story I began to weave the most adventurous romance in my mind. I pictured Jo' facing insuperable difficulties with this one ideal before him and was glad he had succeeded. I wondered if he was happy. His 'castle' was far from the world; far even from the village and there was no one to praise Jo',

not even a son. Molly said her brother had tried to sell Jo' a radio set to cheer his lonely home but Jo' would not hear of it—not that he was without music. His passion was Italian Opera. He had gramophone records of them all, and as we passed I heard strains of E Lucccevan Le Stelle. It was the right setting for so melancholy an air and I was visited by one of those rare moments of inspiration when heaven and earth seem close together.

We did not reach the crest of the hill for which I was glad. At the top it was barren whereas where we were there were trees and grass that was tall and inviting. So many aim at the summit just because it happens to be the summit. We lay down and I gave way to a silly whim; I took on the air of an old time villain and twirling an imaginary moustache growled, "Woman, I have you at my mercy." The joke fell painfully flat. I never saw a girl look more terrified. It took me quite half-an-hour to reassure her, but throughout the evening she remained frightened and timorous.

We lay prostrate beside each other and it grew dark until I could see only the outline of her body. She seemed afraid to speak and I chose to say nothing until, at last, I asked her if she saw any reason why I should not take her in my arms. There was little to be gained in humour from that serious child. In a solemn voice she replied that I was not of her religion. I must confess that I did my best to give her a less fiery mind for theology and, perhaps also, to make her count me among the saints she loved so well, which was a clumsy thing to do. As I spoke I heard the faint rustling of the chain at her neck which told me that she was fingering her cross, and probably praying. Everything I liked she called a venial sin and I was presumed a sinner long before I had made my first confession.

"Are you not ashamed of your sins, Patrick?" she asked and I was so amused at the name she had substituted for my own that I laughed. She must have been very anxious to forget that I was a son of John Bull.

"What makes you so sure that I am a sinner?" I asked.

"Och, but you look it!" and once again I was reminded of my unprepossessing appearance.

THE woman at the cigarette shop used to ask me every day how I liked the waterfall and as that was my trysting place with Molly I used to feel embarrassed, which I had not felt since a day in the summer of '18 when my mother had caught me kissing our neighbour's daughter. It was pleasing to discover that I was still capable of feeling this honest emotion.

The only alternative way to the waterfall was by a long detour of some miles. There was little I could do, then, but to walk down the main street on my way to meet Molly and as she had probably preceded me by a few minutes, people used to eye me with significant humour. At Oughterard they see all, hear all and say all, and what else can they do when the cows have been milked?

One evening Molly did not appear at the waterfall and as her father had asked her a few nights before why she was late, I grew rather alarmed. I saw myself being hounded out of the village by the priest and an incensed mob. It had happened more than

once in the past. I waited many hours growing increasingly anxious with every interminable minute. For once I was blind to the beauty around me and grew as annoyed as if I had arrived and found the waterfall missing. It was not so much the thought of an infuriated father that irked me, but a negligent Molly. Why this should have been so I don't know. There was little chance of our friendship continuing, I allowed myself no liberties with her and she had little to say that was not in praise of the saints. I gave her until midnight to appear then went home quite disconsolate.

Throughout the night I turned in my bed wondering why Molly had not appeared. I attributed her absence to a thousand different reasons, all of them most disagreeable. It is strange that this little incident should have affected me so deeply.

THE next evening as I approached the waterfall I was delighted to see the pale blue of her dress. I pretended to be very indifferent and for the life of me I cannot imagine why. Quickly she told me that she had been to Galway the night before to confess to a priest who was unknown to her father. With all the suspicions of a city-bred lover I asked her what she had found necessary to confess, but she demurred, and would say nothing more than that thoughts could be as sinful as acts.

The whole of that day had been an anxious one for me and now that we were together, I felt more disturbed by her than I had ever been before. One day's absence and the sinful thoughts to which she had confessed made her a very different Molly. I put my arms around her waist and she resigned herself with an exquisite tremble.

We lay together in the grass and spoke again of the things she held sacred. Lord! how many saints she knew. She spoke with hushed reverence of St. Anthony who must have been her favourite; she spoke of him at great length. It was plain that Molly was doing her best to convert me, and, to be sure, I was very much moved by the simple ardour with which she described the pure pleasures that were to be gained from the hand of God, but when she asked me if I would go to her church I found it impossible to promise. I think for a moment my refusal disgusted her and she would have seen the last of me that night if the wishes of mind and body had not often been at variance.

Suddenly Molly stopped eulogising the saints and asked me to tell her of my world. I didn't spare her any more than she had spared me with her saints and sacraments. I told her simply of the things I had seen and the people I knew. I called those things pleasures which had been pleasurable to me. Perhaps as I spoke I forgot my impressionable listener for a moment and lost myself in the lands I was describing. Italy was lovely: Naples Bay at dawn is a magnificent sight to behold and the young Italian women are graceful romances in themselves. I had known Syrians and Circassians and white fleshed Turks, Armenians and Roumanians; all wonderful people in their way. As I spoke it seemed to me that we were travelling through these scenes. The next time I turned my eyes on Molly I saw that her face was wild with unrest. I lay quiet but soon her arms were round my neck and she cried with unbelievable fervour "Don't ever leave me, Patrick."



I TRIED often enough to work at Oughterard but it was hopeless. I used to take a copy book to some quiet part of the hills or on one of the uninhabited islands of the lake, but there was too much beauty to behold to make work possible. I used to lay on my back watching the smoke from my pipe curling lazily towards the sky which had not seemed so blue since I had seen it as a curtain to Vesuvius. Often enough I lay naked as Adam.

There was a dilapidated house by the waterfall which in my dreams I rebuilt and lived in for the rest of my days. It used to belong to an Englishman and was the prettiest house of its size in the West coast of Ireland, but the Sinn Feiners in passing through the village had made it a scarred symbol of their hate. I would have enjoyed rebuilding this sanctuary with my own hands. It would have been a happy retreat. I suppose in these reveries I even saw myself as the father of children who looked like Molly O'Shea.

How I hated the thought of becoming again a dweller of the cities; a mentally-diseased son of Mammon struggling for gold that nature thought of so little importance as to bury it deep down beneath the trees and flowers and beautiful things of the earth. How surprised, I thought, God must have been to see men make this metal the standard of their happiness. In what fine style I anathematised the men who had changed the face of a world that had been beautiful and rich with food for all. I was sick with the thought of ever finding myself in Piccadilly Circus again where anyone with eyes and a heart must weep. But my money was running low and even in Oughterard dreams are no substitute for government bills. I knew that I should have to return soon.

WHEN I met Molly that night I told her that our clandestine meetings must soon come to an end. Perhaps I should have told her before. I have often been surprised at the flimsiness of the structures on which girls build their dreams. Who knows what, in the silence of her room, Molly thought of our friendship. Barely a month had elapsed since our first meeting, only one salutary kiss had linked us, yet when I told her that I was going she fell in a heap at my feet and wept bitterly. The thought was painful enough for me—many farewells have not dried my well of tears—but the way it took my colleen was difficult to believe. All the saints of the ages, all the threats of hell, brimstone and fire were as nothing beside the feeling she had for a stranger with a taste for words and dreams. With all the fervent passion with which she had worshipped her God she now offered her body, and I thought of Paphnutius in Thais' cell crying that there was no God; only love and lust and beauty. Up there in the hills high above the rugged landscape of Connemara, with the wind lashing my face I found it difficult to believe in the reality of that scene. I gazed with wonder at the girl's prostrate form beside me; turned from saint to woman; begging me in anguish to defile her body if I would, but not to leave her. I knelt beside her. She laid her head on my lap and wept long and bitterly.

OUR next meeting was the last. We climbed Cloosh Hill again, this time to the very top. We stood surveying the panorama looking far into the distance as if searching for what lay beyond the horizon. Molly clung tightly to my arm; the wind that blew strongly across our faces carried many of her tears. All seemed merciless then; the grandeur of the hills, the wind and the fate that was soon to separate us. In our different ways and for our different dreams, we prayed. It makes me blush to think of it now, so that I must be grown old, but on that night words that were not in the language of prayers would have seemed harsh.

On the descent I tried to speak; to comfort her and myself. I tried to tell her that time was no measure; that each gesture was eternal, each thought and sound, that her youth would be lived again many times in my mind. "Wherever I go colleen," I said, "I shall remember your sweet face and always you will be young and innocent and kind. I shall remember that it seemed not one whit too much to you, to offer your share of heaven as a sacrifice for love, and, if you could only understand it, because I did not take the gift, it will forever be mine."

I asked that my bag should be sent on and at midnight struck the Galway road. Molly came part of the way and would have walked the thirty miles to the market town with me had I allowed it. At last I said good-bye. She sat on a stone and watched me disappear into the dark. It was a still night and I heard her voice crying long after we parted.

THE night was glorious with myriads of stars in the sky. Most of the time I was accompanied by shepherds on their way to market. Since their trouble with the English, who previously imported most of Ireland's agricultural produce, they have had lean times. Prices have come down in all parts and the farmers said it was hardly worth going to market these days. Yet the price of meat at the victuallers was very high. Now there is news of a rapprochement between England and Ireland. It will be welcomed by the farmers of Oughterard, one of whom, God bless him, will marry my colleen and make her breed a child a year for as long as she can bear it.



## A CARTOONIST OF THE LEFT

by disregarding the precedents of others. It is true that he no longer copies any given painter or school.

In short, Borenstein follows his instincts and impulses, which are to paint the way he feels best to paint. And in the main, Borenstein's instincts are right for Borenstein. It is debatable if he has thought out in his head what he is after, but he feels in his bones what he wants. No one will pin him to mechanical rules of thumb, and that is probably why painters looking at his thick oil or pastel ghettoscapes, dirty back lanes and railroad yards, hoist their shoulders politely. Examining his wilderness of tree branches, telegraph poles, falling fences and reeling sheds in which the perspective is frankly at odds with itself, observers have commented that he is a dauber. Though it may be possible to pick holes in his values, the sweep and spirit of his work is striking. The animation and rich colour bear witness to a very considerable ability.

Borenstein has done little or no work in black and white. His media are oil and pastel. Strong blues, greens and terracottas vividly and rawly applied identify his canvasses. His most significant paintings show the meaner streets of Montreal, disused quarries, railway yards and sidings, subjects which permit masses of colour, brick houses, scaffoldings, locomotives, steamshovels and the like. His portraits in pastel are executed with sharpness and strength.

**B**ORENSTEIN has painted very few uninteresting pictures. Two of the most impressive, from their similarity of colour scheme, are common pieces, though differing in subject. The one is a painting of the Papineau Quarry, a composition of cold sea blues that pale into a grey foreground; early morning light on a towering uneven shed erection housing a hoist, with scattered stone and rubble heaping the reddish brown soil. The other shows the red rust arc of a railroad track sweeping past point signals, that binds together a curving row of tumbling houses painted in blues and reds under a high sky and cloud effect of steely blues and thin whites.

His handling of snow is very effective, as instanced by the Cartierville composition, which shows a bleak line of frame houses receding towards the back slopes of Mount Royal, the purple snowy mounds of which lift black skeleton trees. A snowed-over field in the middle and foreground is cut diagonally across by a line of gaunt telegraph poles and half-buried fence posts; small jerky human figures in hurrying attitudes further the feel of cold.

The enthusiasm and spirit of this artist, the healthy vigour of his work and the almost uncontrolled play of bright colour contrast sharply with the painstaking meticulous painting executed by his associates who have more art but less purpose. Borenstein's is articulate painting, and as his concern with the harsh plight of the masses of people deepens, his articulation will grow even more lucid. The latest trends of his work suggest that here in the making is a powerful proletarian artist who will benefit and stimulate the Canadian revolutionary

movement in painting—the movement of to-day and the immediate to-morrow — the movement which needs such men as Borenstein to make it fully efficient—the movement of liberation in life and art alike.



TO NOVA SCOTIA, by T. Morris Longstreth (Ryerson Press; pp. xiii, 290; \$2.50).

**N**OVA SCOTIA, after having nothing at all in the way of an attractive general travel book to offer the tourist or anyone interested, has suddenly come into two. "Down in Nova Scotia," by Clare Dennis, published last fall, gives us the Bluenose province through the eyes of a keenly observant native. Now, "To Nova Scotia," by T. Morris Longstreth, shows us how the place looks to an interested, slightly whimsical outsider.

The stranger is at an obvious disadvantage in writing of any locality. The gaps in his knowledge are sure, at some time, to amuse the old-timer. But, being an experienced traveller and travel-writer, Mr. Longstreth knows how to get under the surface of even as old a place as Nova Scotia in a surprisingly short time. He and his imaginary friend, Dr. Urbanus Weagle, approach our historical background, for instance, with a freshness that is very appealing. Few Canadians, however they may glory in our stirring past, can get very much excited at this late date over the number of times Port Royal changed hands, the crumbling of the dream of a great city in Shelburne, or the arrival of the "Hector" in Pictou Harbour in 1773. But Mr. Longstreth has written no tedious examinations in Canadian history and his enthusiasm when he discovers these events is contagious.

No one could pretend to write understandingly of this province without going pretty thoroughly into its history and this book shows considerable research into the past. But it is also concerned with the present. We hear of shipping, tuna fishing, treasure-hunting, apple-growing, the Fisherman's Trophy races. We find sly fun poked at our leisurely ways, our liquor laws, our political biases, our habit of living in the past and leaning rather heavily on our blue-blooded Loyalist ancestors.

There are several acknowledged omissions, notably the stretch through Barrington and the Pubnicos and the Chignecto Isthmus. But the latter belongs as much to New Brunswick as Nova Scotia and deserves, and already has, a volume to itself. Considering the fact that "To Nova Scotia" was completed within six months after the author arrived in Nova Scotia it covers the ground remarkably well. Its use as a handbook for tourists is increased by an index and a complete bibliography. Those who know Mr. Longstreth's books are familiar with his easy, conversational style. His journey through Nova Scotia with his philosophical but crusty friend, Dr. Weagle, makes an instructive and highly readable story.

GRACE TOMKINSON.

## THE NEW GROUP

### Frank H. Underhill

was a lieutenant in the Hertfordshire Regiment, wrote a history of the C.E.F. in France; he is known to Forum readers as F.H.U.

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is the author of two studies of motion pictures, of a novel, and of a life of Catherine the Great

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is national secretary of the L.S.R. and a C.C.F. candidate.

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left chemistry for journalism.

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